THE

# HISTORY

OF

# Henry the Fifth.

AND THE

# TRAGEDY

OF

# MUSTAPHA,

Son of *SOLYMAN* the Magnificent.

As they were Acted at his Highneſs the Duke of *York*'s
THEATER.

---

Written by
The Right Honourable the Earl of *ORRERY*.

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*LONDON*,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor*
in the Lower-Walk of the New-Exchange. 1669.

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# The Perſons.

| | |
|---|---|
| King *Henry* the Fifth. | Mr. *Harris.* |
| Duke of *Bedford*, his Brother. | Mr. *Underhill.* |
| Duke of *Exeter*, his Uncle. | Mr. *Cogan.* |
| Earl of *Warwick.* | Mr. *Aingel.* |
| Biſhop of *Canterbury.* | Mr. *Lylinſton.* |
| *Owen Tudor* the King's Favourite. | Mr. *Betterton.* |
| | |
| The *Dauphin.* | Mr. *Young.* |
| Duke of *Burgundy.* | Mr. *Smith.* |
| Earl of *Chareloys*, his Son. | Mr. *Cadiman.* |
| Conſtable of *France.* | Mr. *James Noke.* |
| *De Chaſtel*, the *Dauphin*'s Creature. | Mr. *Norris.* |
| Biſhop of *Arras.* | Mr. *Samford.* |
| Count of *Blamount.* | Mr. *Medborn.* |
| Monſieur *Colemore.* | Mr. *Floyd.* |
| Queen of *France.* | Mrs. *Long.* |
| Princeſs *Katherine*, her Daughter. | Mrs. *Betterton.* |
| Princeſs *Anne* of *Burgundy.* | Mrs. *Davis.* |
| The Counteſs of *La Marr.* | Mrs. *Norris.* |
| French Ladies. | |
| Heralds. | |
| Guards. | |

# The Persons.

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| King Henry the Fifth. | Mr. Harris. |
| Duke of Bedford his Brother. | Mr. Underhill. |
| Duke of Exeter his Uncle. | Mr. [illegible] |
| Earl of Warwick. | Mr. [illegible] |
| Bishop of Canterbury. | Mr. [illegible] |
| Owen Tudor the King's Favourite. | Mr. Bettenton. |
| The Dauphin. | Mr. Young. |
| Duke of Burgundy. | Mr. Smith. |
| Earl of Charelpy, his Son. | Mr. [illegible] |
| Constable of France. | Mr. James Nolly. |
| Deffiel of the Dauphin's Creature. | Mr. Norris. |
| Bishop of Arras. | Mr. Sanford. |
| Count of Flamenvillers. | Mr. Medbury. |
| Monsieur Colmore. | Mr. Floyd. |
| Queen of France. | Mrs. Long. |
| Princess Katherine, her Daughter. | Mrs. Betterton. |
| Princess Anne of Burgundy. | Mrs. Davis. |
| The Countess of La Mary. | Mrs. Norris. |
| French Ladies. | |
| Heralds. | |
| Guards. | |

# Henry the Fifth.

## THE FIRST ACT.

*Enter* King Henry *the* 5th, *the Duke of* Exeter, *the Duke of* Bedford, *and* Owen Tudor, *with Attendants.*

*King.* THis is the day in which our Valour muſt
Prove to the *French*, our claim to *France* is juſt;
Since 'twill no other way be underſtood,
It muſt be writ in Characters of blood.
By injuries they us to Battel call;
Denying us our part, they forfeit all:
'Tis fit in number they ſhould us exceed,
That odds the *French* againſt the *Engliſh* need;
That odds which both obliges them and me,
Brings them to Fight, and us to Victory.

*Exeter.* Heav'n left us purpoſely but few for fight,
To ſhew the world, by your ſucceſs, your right.

*Bedford.* They ſeem t' acknowledge Heav'n is not their Friend,
Since on their boaſted numbers they depend;
Which when their cauſe is reckon'd, we ſhould prize,
As Heav'n accounts them, for a Sacrifice.

*Enter Earl of* Warwick.

*Exeter.* The Earl of *Warwick* in his looks does bring
Some News of high importance to the King.

*Warw.* Arm! Arm! Great Sir, the Foe is in our view,
And has a Herauld ſent to challenge you.

*King.* Tell him, I in this Field poſſeſs all *France*,
From which I'le ne're retire, but may advance.
In vain they threaten War, or promiſe Peace,
They boaſt their numbers, which we wiſh not leſs;
They are enow both to deſtroy and ſave;
But were they more, they here might find a Grave.
Take care the Herauld ſo rewarded be,
That he may know his Meſſage pleaſes me.
Under their Standards, as I order'd you,
Are all my Troops fixt in the form I drew?

*Warw.* They are, and like one face, all looks agree,
Reſolving and fore-telling Victorie.

*King.* Who e're a room to other thoughts affords,
Injures our Quarrel, and miſtakes our Swords.

*Warw.* How ſhort a time, and narrow ſpace of ground
Is't 'twixt your Conqueſt, and your being Crown'd?

*King.* To make both ſhorter, I will ſtraight advance,
And by two Titles wear the Crown of *France*.
Uncle, to your command with ſpeed repair;
The right wing, Brother, does expect your care;

Both to the field of Battel lead the way,
Whilst but a moment I with *Tudor* stay.

*Exeunt* Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.

Oh my best Friend! thy sadness I must blame,
Canst thou now think on any thing but Fame? [*Tudor appears.*

*Tudor.* When I reflect how many dangers still
You must attempt, how many more you will——

*King.* Reflect on dangers which must glory win.

*Tudor.* Excuse me, if my duty makes me sin:
Since I no other way can grateful prove,
I'le rather shew my fear, than hide my love.

*King.* That I to thee may proofs of mine dispence,
I now stay here, though glory calls me hence:
When Fame, when Life, and Empire are at stake,
All thoughts of those for thee I can forsake;
Banish thy grief by thinking on that praise,
Which shall thy name so high in Battel raise,
That all my future favours men may say,
Are not what I bestow, but what I pay.

*Tudor.* What you have said and done brings me relief;
This day I will deserve your love or grief.

*King.* Speak not of grief, but think on that applause
Which Heav'n doth still allow the juster cause.

*Tudor.* Why should he be by too much courage lost,
Of whom alone this world has cause to boast? [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Dauphin, *and* De Chastel.

*Dauph.* Let me despise what I can ne're obtain:
I'll live retir'd since I'm deny'd to reign.
My Mother, having got the Regency,
Does either hate, or is afraid of me;
But I perceive by my retirement here,
I shun her malice, and suppress her fear;
I shall (if I to *Paris* now return)
Her hatred feel, or which is worse, her scorn.

*De Chast.* But shall our *Dauphin*, the undoubted Heir,
Sit idly peaceful in an active War,
And let his Enemy the Throne ascend?

*Dauph.* He who my wrongs revenges, is my Friend.
*De Chastel*, you have often heard me plead,
That in this War I might the Army lead;
On me so high a trust she'l not bestow,
And any other trust I think too low:
A Prince whose Soul as well as Birth is great,
If he in glory cannot shine, should set:
From Courts I am condemn'd to Villages,
From noble toyls of War t'ignoble ease;
Where undisturb'd I'll for her hatred grieve,
And honour makes me rather chuse to live
Equal with men not worth the Governing,
Than be at Court and there not be a King.

*De Chast.* Though I confess her usage, Sir, has been
Such as not fits a Mother or a Queen;
Yet, Sir, consider whilst from her you fly,
You more exalt the Duke of *Burgundy*.

*Dauph.*

*Dauph.* That fatal name my fury doth advance:
'Twas he who murther'd Royal *Orleance*;
And though the Queen recover my esteem,
No Palace can have space for me and him.

*De Chast.* Return the sooner to revenge that blood.
No man has well his interest understood,
Who to enjoy it scrupl'd at the way:
He who builds high must low foundations lay.
I by the Queen for your return am sent,
Her harsh behaviour she does now repent:
By kind submissions you may rule her heart,
And what's deny'd by kindness, gain by Art;
With small complyance you'l suppress her hate,
When Nature's Judge, and Duty Advocate.
Your absence, Sir, has cast your party down:
Few follow those on whom the Prince does frown.

*Dauph.* Thou in all storms hast been my constant Friend,
I'll on thy wisdom and thy care depend;
'Tis just I should to thy advice submit,
For he who makes my Fate, should govern it.

*De Chast.* With this glad news I will out-ride the Post,
And e're you come to Court, I'll clear the Coast. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* Queen *of* France, Princess Katherine, Princess Anne *of* Burgundy, Duke *of* Burgundy, *and their Train.*

*Queen.* This is the day *Alanson* sent us word,
He would our Fate determine by the Sword;
Which he has hastned, hearing by his Spies
The Plague had so impair'd our Enemies,
That more delay would make our Princes dream
They should not come to kill, but bury them;
And *France* would be oblig'd for her defence,
Not to their Swords, but to that Pestilence.

*Burgun.* Since from th' eternal Pow'r that Rod is sent,
Why from his hand take we the punishment?
And this insulting, Madam, makes me fear
Our Ruine rather than our Triumph near;
Those *English* Swords on which he sets no price,
Lately cut down our *Flower de Luces* twice;
And to King *Edward*'s Piety we owe
The miracle that now again they grow.

*Queen.* *France* justly might the *English* valour dread,
Were it again by that great Monarch led;
We fear him less who now that Crown does wear,
His wildness, not his courage, brings him here.

*Burgun.* Whilst his prodigious Father was alive,
Some youthful signs of wildness he did give;
But when he early on his Throne was plac'd,
A Kingly Soul his Royal Title grac'd;
And then whatever mis-becoming thing
Liv'd in the Prince, was buried in the King;
Nought should in us low thoughts of him perswade,
Who does himself subdue, and *France* invade.

*Enter a* French Lady.

*Lady.* The Count of *Blamount* from the Camp with news
Does wait without, and for admittance sues.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* *Blamount* ſo ſoon return'd? let him appear.
Ill news is ſwifter than the wings of fear. { *Enter* Blamount.
His looks to me a ſad account have given.
Where is *Alanſon*?

*Blam.* Madam, he's in Heav'n:
That glory cannot be to him deny'd,
Who for his Country liv'd, and for it dy'd.

*Queen.* The brave *Alanſon* Dead! by what miſchance?

*Blam.* By the moſt ſignal that e're fell on *France*.

*Queen.* Without diſguiſe the naked truth declare,
Before my grief be turn'd into deſpair.

*Blam.* Laſt night both Camps ſo near each other lay,
As we not more for Triumph long'd than day;
The mighty *Martel* led not braver men,
When he at *Tours* ſubdu'd the *Syracen*,
And with the blood waſh'd *France*, than did reſort
To the unhappy Fields of *Agen-Court*;
Where many then with joyful ſhouts did greet
The riſing Sun, who ne're ſhould ſee him ſet:
A while both Armies on each other gaz'd,
Both at th' intended ſlaughter ſeem amaz'd.

*Queen.* Could thoſe who oft have bloody Battels won,
Stand long amaz'd at ills which muſt be done?

*Blam.* Wars chearful Muſick now fills every ear,
Whilſt death more gaudy did than life appear.
For various Enſigns did unfold ſuch Pride,
That all ſeem'd Bridegrooms there, and Death the Bride;
The noble order in each ſquadron ſeen;
The many Warriours of a haughty meen;
The prouder horſes chafing to be rid,
Who breath'd the Combat as their Riders did;
Made all confeſs that War gave Death a grace,
And has its charms as well as Beauty has.
After a little pauſe they both advance,
One to preſerve, th' other to conquer *France*;
Thoſe who did proudly think the Foe would yield,
Saw him draw up with order in the Field;
And by a King advanc'd, whoſe hand and head,
All the defects ſupply'd of thoſe he lead.

*Queen.* How! did young *Henry* dare to meet you then?
We heard diſeaſes had conſum'd his men.

*Blam.* The courages of all the *Engliſh* dead,
Were to thoſe few then living newly fled:
So thin, ſo harraſt all his Squadrons were,
As we did pity them we us'd to fear;
For it is equally as ſtrange to ſay,
That they durſt fight, as that they won the day:
But Fame can want no Theme when ſhe does ſing
Of Engliſh Swords led by an Engliſh King;
Nor was he only in the Battel known
By his bright Armour, which like Lightning ſhone;
But did with nobler marks his Valour grace,
Still being ſeen where foremoſt danger was.
*Alanſon*, who obſerv'd this wondrous King,
Courage to his, and fear to ours did bring;
Made fighting ſingle with him his high aim,
And in a Battel to a Duel came.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* By an attempt so noble and sublime,
He show'd as much as I believ'd of him.
*Blam.* Both Nations at a sight so great and rare,
Their bloody Swords suspended in the Air,
And by a general silence made it known,
They in their Leaders fate would see their own:
But though *Alanson* did stupendious things,
A Subjects Sword could not resist a Kings;
Ange's are Guardians of that Sacred Name.
*Burgun.* Yet by his death he got a deathless fame.
*Blam.* That loss invaded all to that degree,
As we more fought for Death than Victory;
For many Worthies waited on his fall,
The Constable of *France*, the Admiral,
The Duke of *Brabant*, and the Duke of *Bar*;
Promiscuous killing now disgrac'd the War:
So glutted was the thirsty Victors Sword,
As now the spacious world cannot afford,
After so many *Heroes* drown'd in gore,
Unless of *English*, one brave Worthy more.
*Queen.* That Nation still too highly you esteem.
*Burg.* Our selves we best excuse in praising them.
*Blam.* Now only horrour, death, confusion reigns,
And covers *Agen-Courts* unhappy plains;
Here Corpses lye, where Squadrons lately stood;
Standards and Ensigns there lye roll'd in blood;
Here woods of Lances o're the Fields are spread,
And dying men lye groaning o're the dead.
*Queen.* If truth consents to what you now relate,
From this black day *France* may her ruine date.
*Blam.* This is not all the destiny of *France*;
The Dukes of *Bourbon* and of *Orleanse*,
The Lords of *Domcourt*, *Humiere*, *Harcourt*, *Sall-Roy*, *Fauconbridge*, *Noel*, and *Beausiquait*,
And many more of signal worth and race,
The Conquerours Triumphal Chariot grace.
But *Bondile*, who this day first turn'd his back,
In hopes to wash away a stain so black,
Assaulted with a loud and furious cry
Th' unguarded baggage of the Enemy.
The King suppos'd new Troops had took the field,
And order'd straight all Pris'ners to be kill'd:
What *Bondile* thus at first and last did do,
Made *Henry* happy, and yet cruel too;
But 'twas a cruelty our selves did cause,
And which his judgment took from safeties laws;
For shameful was our Fate, the Pris'ners there
Surpass'd in number those who Victors were.
*Queen.* Could nothing less than this, Heav'ns wrath abate?
It made us Agents to our own dire Fate.
*Burg.* The Destinies were never so severe,
The fault, as well as loss, they make us bear;
And by so strange a ruine make us know,
This Empire to one Field her fall may owe.
Were those Renown'd Commanders now alive,
They might the fortune of lost *France* revive,

And by their Swords reſtore her dying Fame.

*Blam.* All thoſe are living which I laſt did name:
The King did rather hazard a gain'd field,
Than ſuffer Chiefs ſo noble to be kill'd;
And but with half his Army did advance,
Twice in one day, to act the Fate of *France*,
Leaving the reſt to guard them where they ſtood.

*Burgun.* His Valour ſheds, his Mercy ſpares our blood.

*Blam.* Young *Tudor*, Madam, much renown'd you know,
To whom all *France* her gratitude does owe;
For he, when all did dangers face decline,
Met it to ſerve the Princeſs *Katherine*;
He 'gainſt my will this hated life did ſave,
And when he heard thoſe orders *Henry* gave,
Fearing their rigour might extend to me,
Above my hope, or wiſh, did ſet me free;
He told me as we parted that he knew,
I had the honour to belong to you.

*Bowing to* Princeſs Katherine.

*Queen.* 'Tis Heav'n has ſtrucken us; and when we know
That hand, who dares want patience for the blow?
My Lord, 'tis needful I reſolve with ſpeed
Who ſhall the fatal Conſtable ſucceed.

*Burg.* And counſel needful is how far 'tis fit,
After defeat to ſtruggle or ſubmit.

*Queen.* Aſſemble ſtrait. Heav'n does occaſion give
Of mourning, yet allows no time to grieve.

*Exeunt* Queen, Burgundy, Blamount, Lady.

*Prin. An.* Madam, methought when *Tudors* name you heard,
A new Vermilion in your face appear'd;
That word did raiſe a trouble there as great,
As you diſcover'd hearing our defeat:
Though theſe are ſigns that love does for him ſue,
Yet to our friendſhip there is ſo much due,
That from my height of faith I'll not deſcend,
I'll rather blame my eyes than doubt my Friend,
And think I ſaw not that which I did ſee,
Rather than fear you hide your ſelf from me.

*Prin. Kat.* Ah, how this ſoft concernment ſhews you juſt!
For what can be too precious for your truſt?
I muſt confeſs I bluſh'd when he was nam'd,
But it was ſcorn, not love, my face inflam'd,
That any but a King, and Crown'd with Bays,
Preſum'd ſo high as me his thoughts to raiſe;
That ſecret now ſhall be to you reveal'd,
Which only through your abſence was conceal'd:
With ſo much grief I did your abſence mourn,
When to your Fathers Court you did return,
That the ſame day I to St. *Germain* went,
To give in that retreat my ſorrows vent;
A ſtorm o'retook us as we thither paſt,
Rain made the riſing Flood to ſwell ſo faſt,
That of the Bridge it did the maſtry get,
An Arch was born away, and we with it.

*Prin. An.* Madam, I heard that even that ſad miſchance
Did frighten you, leſs than it frighted *France*.

*Prin. Kath.*

*Prin. Kath. Tudor*, whom fortune led that way, descry'd,
What many more with vain compassion spy'd;
They at the horrour of my danger wept,
He from the bridge into the River leapt,
And stemm'd the raging Current, till he bore
My breathless body to the neighbouring shore;
Him to the Court this timely service brought,
In whom so many Charms concurring wrought,
As I can scarce without some blushes own,
That I did grieve he sate not on a Throne;
For to a Princess, who like me would do,
He who a Throne does want, wants all things too.

*Prin. An.* Ah Madam! Love, if it be strong and true,
Levels the pow'rful down to those that sue;
And, when by inclination we are steer'd,
Only what that does speak is fully heard.

*Prin. Kath. Tudor* soon chang'd his chearful brow at Court;
To unfrequented Groves he did resort;
Whilst others did rejoyce, he sighing mourn'd,
And all his freedom into bondage turn'd:
This new distemper to a habit grew;
His mirth was ever feign'd, his sorrows true:
The cause of this when I desir'd to know
He made no answer, but did sigh and bow;
By no reply he would his silence break.

*Prin. An.* In such a silence he did more then speak.

*Prin. Kath.* Ah! so he did; but yet I must confess
I knew not Love could speak, yet hold its peace:
I urg'd to be inform'd; he sigh'd and then
Look'd often on me, and look'd down agen;
Then said, you force me, Madam, to a strait
To dis-obey you, or deserve your hate:
One of these evils does engage me now;
Silence the first, speaking the last will do;
But I implore you will not think it fit
To force me unto speech, then punish it.

*Prin. An.* Against your justice, Madam, 'twas a crime
To punish what you did constrain from him.

*Prin. Kath.* Then he his passion for me did declare
With words and gestures, which so mournful were,
As strait I did, by my experience, prove,
That pity was no way to bring in Love:
A hundred things he said, but I was so
Offended with my self, and with him too;
First, that his words I had constrain'd from him,
Then that he could be guilty of that crime;
As I forgot ev'n all he did relate
But these few words, which I shall ne're forget;
Love, of a wondrous birth cannot expire,
Which strangely in the water first took fire.

*Prin. An.* None, Madam, but a Lover will believe
That flames in water can their birth receive.

*Prin. Kath.* 'Tis true, but those bold words which then he spoke,
Did soon my indignation so provoke
That never any crime can raise it higher,
I bid him instantly from Court retire:

'Twould

'Twould grieve your patience if I ſhould declare
All that he ſaid, his treſpaſs to repair;
Let it ſuffice that after that black night
I never did admit him to my ſight;
Nor will I tell you how he ſought relief,
And vainly ſince hath almoſt dy'd with grief.
*Prin. An.* Did you not give him then ſome ſighs by ſtealth,
And wiſh his ſickly mind a little health?
*Prin. Kath.* All that 't had been injuſtice to deny.
*Prin. An.* Sure that was Love?
*Prin. Kath.* Oh! no, 'twas Charity.
Love is a flame which nothing can controul;
As ſouls to bodies are, Love's to the ſoul:
A pow'r which does all other powers o'return,
And cannot be conceal'd when it does burn.
Had that been Love, which is miſtook by you,
*Tudor* had ſeen, and I had felt it too;
But term it what you pleaſe, it cannot be,
Whilſt I have pow'r to rule it, Love in me.
*Prin. An.* Love to his height oft by degrees does riſe,
Sometimes it ſtorms a boſom by ſurprize;
Love moves not ever in one conſtant road,
Oft, like a Child, he acts, then like a God;
And, by your eaſie ruling him, you may
Miſtake his power for what is but his play.
*Prin. Kath.* I doubt you'd have me think I am in Love.
*Prin. An.* I rather would my fear of it remove.
*Prin. Kath.* No, though I were, ſo much I owe my fame,
That to my birth I would reſign my flame.
*Prin. An.* May I, with ſafety, build on what you ſay?
*Prin. Kath.* If my own heart deceive me not, you may.
*Prin. An.* Then I will tell you ſomething which, perhaps,
If you are cur'd, will hinder your relapſe.
When dreadful *Henry* to this War was bent,
The royal *Bedford* to my Father ſent
Offers of power and treaſure, with deſign
To make him in this laſt Invaſion join:
My Father to his *Burgundy* retir'd,
Having rejected what the Duke deſir'd;
But ſaid, ſince here unjuſtly we retain
*Anjou*, Rich *Normandy*, and *Aquitane*,
He would, if rendring theſe might Peace advance,
Perſwade in *England*, and prevail in *France*.
*Prin. Kath.* We then have done th' injurious *Henry* wrong:
Do all theſe Provinces to him belong?
*Prin. An.* *France* can no other Title there pretend,
But what, force having got, Arms muſt defend.
*Prin. Kath.* My grief for our defeat ſhall then grow leſs;
Since we want juſtice, we ſhould want ſucceſs.
*Prin. An.* But ſince to me your ſecrets you declare,
'Tis equal you in mine ſhould have a ſhare.
Ah Madam! do not wonder if my heart,
Which was entirely yours when we did part,
Is from that high and bleſt condition flown,
I, blushing, ſay, 'tis now no more my own.
The Duke of *Bedford*, by the nobleſt force
That e'er ſubdu'd a heart into remorſe,

Did

Did with such joint success act his design,
That I took his, and then resign'd him mine.

*Prin. Kath.* Dear Princess, I shall now admire no more
What you have mention'd of Loves art and power;
Nor that so high in that discourse you went,
Since you but spoke your own experiment.

*Prin. An.* If, Madam, you had present been to see
The softness of those Charms which Conquer'd me,
You'd wonder more that long I held the field,
Than that at last I willingly did yield.

*Prin. Kath.* The English Archers may victorious grow,
Where Love begins the conquest with his bow.

*Prin. An.* After we had this sacred friendship made,
He told me, though his brother would invade
This Kingdom, to regain what was his due,
Yet the chief conquest he design'd, was you:
He told me too, though *England* still affords
Beauties resistless as the English Swords,
Yet none of them prevail'd, though ne're so bright,
Like your victorious picture at first sight.
Then he implor'd that when to you I came,
I would prepare you to receive his flame;
A flame which all things else must needs out-do,
Since by him cherish'd and inspir'd by you:
This, Madam, was the cause why I have prest
To find if e're your heart were prepossest;
Let *France*, by you, be freed from her distress:
This happy union will procure her peace.

*Prin. Kath.* If me he lov'd, her blood he then would spare;
Loves gentle voice is never heard in War.

*Prin. An.* Yet, like a King to you he does pretend,
Glory he makes his way, and Love his end.

*Prin. Kath.* Where bloud does cry, can I a Lover hear?

*Prin. An.* When glory pleads, what then can stop your Ear?

*Enter a* Lady.

*Lady.* Madam, the Council is assembled now,
And e're it sits, the Queen would speak with you.

*Prin. Kath.* I come: too long by Love we have been stay'd;
I will consider all that you have said.

*Prin. An.* Madam, be pleas'd to think upon it so,
That *France* to you may her redemption owe. [*Exeunt.*

## THE SECOND ACT.

*Enter the* King, *Duke of* Exeter, *Duke of* Bedford, *Earl of* Warwick, *and* Tudor.

*King.* MY Lord of *Warwick*, you may give to all
The *French* of note the rites of Funeral;
It is a debt which to the dead we pay,
Rewarding Courage ev'n in those we slay.

*Warwick.* It shall be done.

*King.* Brother, it will be fit

The Pris'ners you to ſtronger Guards commit ;
They ſhall a Court within our Army ſee ;
And in it nothing want but Liberty.
*Bed.* They ſhall be ſafe, yet have ſome freedom too.
*King.* Uncle, the great requeſt I make to you,
Is to preſerve our wounded men with care ;
'Tis by their courage we victorious are.
*Exeter.* They ſhall be ſerv'd with all they can deſire ;
We muſt that valour ſerve which you admire.
*Exeunt* Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.
*Tudor.* Though this great day, th' expecting world may ſee
Your Title both to *France* and Victory ;
And though no Conquerour alive, or dead,
With nobler wreaths did ever crown his head ;
Yet pardon me if I preſume to ſay,
I ſee a ſadneſs miſ-becomes this day ;
This day, in which your friends and foes confeſs,
Nothing can make you greater, nothing leſs ;
So fixt are Fortunes Wheels they cannot turn,
Then, Sir, permit only the *French* to mourn ;
The loſs of *York* and *Suffolk*, though too great,
Should not out-weigh your Enemies defeat :
If, Sir, your Wars coſt not ſome lives, like theſe,
You would not Conqueſts make, but miracles ;
Who in his Princes ſervice finds a Grave,
Rather our envy than our grief ſhould have,
And fighting in your fight, who for you dies,
Is bleſt enough without ſuch Obſequies :
If to their death ſuch envy'd grief you give,
You'l make us then repent that we do live :
Sir, for the living's ſake your grief decline,
And let your looks clear as your glories ſhine.
*King.* So great a loſs as is above relief,
Even on this day might juſtifie my grief :
He who of friendſhip knows the ſacred ties,
Will value more his Friends than Victories ;
But that juſt ſorrow, which thou wouldſt remove,
Is not a tribute paid to Death but Love ;
If Fame, or Power, only in me did ſway,
I could not have been ſeen in Clouds to day ;
'Tis Love's fierce Fire which does my heart devour ;
Leſs to be quench'd than heats of Fame or Power.
*Tudor.* She muſt do more than Woman e're could do,
Reſiſting ſuch a King and Conqu'rour too ;
You, though her eyes ſhould brighteſt beams emit,
May ſafe in ſhades under your Laurels ſit.
*King.* My Laurels might a ſafe refreſhment prove
To any other heat but that of Love ;
Their ſacred force 'gainſt Thunder only lies,
Not againſt lightning ſhot from conqu'ring eyes ;
Whoſe pow'r, like that of lightning, I have felt ;
My breaſt they wound not, yet my heart they melt.
*Tudor.* May I not know who does my King ſubdue ?
*King.* Saying I love, I need not tell thee who :
Who of the Planets ſpeaks of brighteſt beams,
Need not ſay after, 'tis the Sun he means.

*Tudor.*

*Tudor.* The Sun by all is mention'd at one rate,
But Fancy alters beauties eſtimate;
Were it not Fancy which that value gave,
All Lovers then would but one Miſtreſs have.

*King.* Such adoration Fancy cannot raiſe,
As to this beauty fight and reaſon pays;
For he whoſe heart Love can to aſhes turn,
Muſt feel her Eyes alone have right to burn:
But that this ignorance thou may'ſt decline,
Know I adore the Princeſs *Katherine*:
Loves Rebels by her Eyes are kept in awe,
She reigns in *France* ſpight of the *Salique* Law.

*Tudor.* Will not Loves heat make Glories flame expire?

*King.* No, *Tudor*, it will rather raiſe it higher;
For none ſhould aim at this exalted ſtate
Who makes not glory firſt his Advocate.
This was the cauſe when *Charles*, her Father, ſent
Embaſſadors, my Conqueſt to prevent;
And this bright beauty offer'd for my Bride,
But with her, as her Dowry, *France* deny'd;
I ſhun'd the match, knowing her beauties were
No price for Peace, but the reward of War;
My vows and paſſion ſhe might juſtly ſcorn,
Did I not Crown her Queen where ſhe was born;
And raiſe her boundleſs beauties to ſupply
What a rude Law does to her Sex deny.

*Tudor.* Perhaps your flame had with more luſtre ſhone,
Had you for it declin'd the Gallick Throne:
For love of her to quit in *France* your right
Is more than 'tis to conquer it in fight;
Nor can you hope her paſſions flame to raiſe
When with her Countrys blood you ſtain your Baye.

*King.* Dear *Tudor*, I perceive becauſe thou art
A Subject, thou miſtak'ſt a Monarchs heart.
Thoſe, who from Royal veins derive their blood,
Find only in a Throne what's great and good;
Sure Nature in her would much rather ſee
Her Son than Brother rule this Monarchy.

*Tudor.* A Love like this was never known before,
The Father you'l depoſe, the Child adore.
Your Love will be in proofs of hatred ſhown;
You on her Countrys ruines build her Throne;
This ſtrange deſign, Sir, does my wonder raiſe.

*King.* A Love like mine moves not in common waies:
Such unexampl'd things I'le ſtrive to do
That when I reach to what I now purſue,
When men name one who lov'd to a degree
Ne're known before, they'l ſay he lov'd like me.
Prepare thy ſelf to go within an hour
To the *French* Court as my Embaſſadour,
And let them know if they reſign up *France*,
(Mine both by Conqueſt and Inheritance)
They ſhun ſuch force as cannot be withſtood,
They ſhew their juſtice, and they ſpare their blood.
Succeſs now asks but what I ask'd before.

*Tudor.* He that at firſt ask'd all can ask no more.

Much is not in the proffer I ſhall make.

*King.* Yes, it is much to aſk what I can take,
And to accept from them that Crown which I
Have giv'n me from the hand of Victory.
*Tudor*, in this they cannot but confeſs,
I make my mercy hinder my ſucceſs.

*Tudor.* It might be then convenient that I try'd
T' obtain with *France* the Princeſs for your Bride:
Since you as well for her as *France* contend,
Without her you'l not reach your nobleſt end.

*King.* She juſtly, *Tudor*, might my paſſion hate,
If Love's high int'reſt I ſhould mix with ſtate.
If I this great concern by Treaty move
'Twill be below her Beauty and my Love.
That bleſſing muſt in nobler ways be ſought:
Though Heav'n may be beſtow'd, 'tis never bought.
But that which chiefly makes me ſend thee now
Is that my Friend ſhould let my Princeſs know
My flames are ſuch as Martyr'd Saints ſuſtain;
The glory of them takes away the pain. [*Exeunt:*

*Tudor.* Was ever ſuch a Curſe impos'd by Fate?
His favour wounds much deeper than his hate.
I muſt unworthy or elſe wretched prove,
Be falſe to Honour or elſe falſe to Love:
To which of both ſhall I precedence give?
I'm kill'd by this, by that unfit to live;
But ſtay! why ſhould not I, even I alone,
Raiſe Love and Honour to a height unknown?
If, for his ſake, my paſſion I forego,
In that great Act I pay him all I owe:
Who for his King againſt his Love does act
Pays Debts much greater than he can contract.
Nor are theſe all th' advantages will flow
From that great action I intend to do.
If I her right above my love prefer
In that, by loſing, I ſhall merit her.
And to obtain, not merit her, will prove
Leſs than to loſe her and deſerve her love.
'Tis worthy of my flame, and of her Eyes,
To make love be to love a ſacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Queen, *Duke of* Burgundy, *the* Conſtable, *Earl of* Charaloys, *and* Count de Chaſtel.

*Queen.* The fatal cauſe why we aſſemble now
We by the worſt of ſad experience know.
Heav'n does, at once, on this our Empire ſhower
All the fierce marks of anger and of power.
The King, my Lord, whoſe head, and heart, and hand,
Should be imploy'd our ruine to withſtand,
Under his old diſeaſe ſtill worſer grows,
Yields to his pain as *France* does to his Foes:
Yet is he not unhappy in that ſtate
Which makes him not to feel the wounds of Fate.
The *Dauphin*, whoſe green years make him unfit
In ſuch a ſtorm at Empires helm to ſit,

Yet

Yet for that great and dangerous place does press;
And, missing it, forsakes us in distress.
As these two miseries assault us here,
So th' English late success fills all with fear.
Yet, *France*, surviving such destructive blows,
Ev'n in her ruine still her greatness shows.
By your wise help she hopes yet to be freed;
And on your breasts she leans her weary head.
Shall we again by Battel try our Fate,
Or with the English King Capitulate?

*Const.* Our shoulders but attend for heavier weight,
If in the Field we shun to try our Fate.
For doubtless, Madam, he less Vertue shows
Who yields to, than who falls by Fortunes blows.
*Rome*, though she lost four Fields to *Hannibal*,
Her valour rais'd ev'n in her Fortunes fall,
Her steady vertue did all storms suppress,
And made her Empress of the Universe:
I would not doubt but we at length should find
A Roman Fate, had we a Roman mind.

*De Chast.* Those who too hastily with Victors treat,
Make them too proud who were before too great.
Such condescension would to fear dispose
Your Subjects hearts, and elevate your Foes.
Let not Posterity have cause to say,
That you lost *France*, and lost her in one day.

*Const.* The chance of Arms are still alternative;
Fortune one day does take, next day does give:
And all the English fame will be o'rethrown
If we of twenty Fields can win but one.
All thoughts of Treaties, Madam, then despise,
Which but excuses fear whilst we seem wise.

*Burg.* Madam, what the great *Constable* does say
Becomes that place you rais'd him to this day:
He, who the head of all your Armies is,
Safe Counsels should obey but not advise.
If to my judgment you will please to trust,
Chuse not what great appears, but what is just.
Madam, it is alone by Arms you reign
O're *Anjou*, *Normandy*, and *Aquitane*.
Those three, the noblest Provinces of *France*,
Are th' English King's confest Inheritance.
Whatever of prescription Gown-men write,
Yet length of time changes not wrong to right:
Why should you not, e're things are desp'rate grown,
By giving what is his, preserve your own?
Keeping those Countries will at last be found
A Gangreen; the corrupt will eat the sound.

*Ear. of Char.* Justice is more than but an empty word:
Therefore, whilst that assists the English Sword,
Success will always to their side resort;
And every Field will be an *Agin-Court*.

*Burg.* Can Councils prosp'rous be, or Armies strong,
Both aiming to perpetuate a wrong?
If after this fair offer he pursue
The War, our Swords will act what his does now;

If he accepts it (as no doubt he muſt)
You will be ſafe, as ſoon as you are juſt.
Purſue the Acts of Juſtice; thoſe alone
Have pow'r to ſave and to exalt a Throne.

*Enter* Blamount.

*Blam.* Young *Tudor* is arriv'd, and craves to be
With ſpeed admitted to your Majeſty.
By thoſe few words which have between us paſt
I find his meſſage does require ſome haſte.

*Queen.* Know you what 'tis which does him hither bring?

*Blam.* Some overtures of peace from th' Engliſh King.

Blamount *whiſpers in the* Queens *Ear.*

*Queen.* Yes, I conſent; and give her notice I
Expect ſhe ſhould receive him civilly. [*Exit* Blamount.
My Lords, I find your judgments various are;
Two are for Treaty, th'other two for War.
Such reaſons you for both opinions give,
That I, with reaſon, either may receive.
But *Tudor* being come does ſurely bring
Something important from the Engliſh King.
'Tis fit our reſolutions we defer
Till I his buſineſs in his meſſage hear. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Princeſs Katherine, *and* Blamount.

*Blam.* Madam, what I have ſaid the Queen will own.
*Prin. Kath.* What? That with *Tudor* I ſhould ſpeak alone?
*Blam.* He for that honour, Madam, now does ſtay.
*Prin. Kath.* Since by the Queen commanded, I obey.

[*Exit* Blamount.

*Enter* Tudor.

*Tudor.* Though, Madam, this high honour does excel
What deeds can merit, or what words can tell,
It ſhall no cauſe of new preſumption be;
I'le not repeat what you condemn'd in me.
I then preſum'd to tell you of a Fire
Your Eyes did in a Subjects heart inſpire;
But, Madam, now th' aſſurance which I bring,
Is that your beauties have ſubdu'd a King;
A King renown'd by all the voice of Fame;
The leaſt he has of Monarch is the Name.
He only Love and Glory does purſue;
Which makes him Conquer *France* and yield to you.
And by th' unhappi'ſt of his Subjects ſays,
He at your feet his Heart and Laurel lays.
Judge what his Vertues are, and what my Fate,
Which makes his Rival turn his Advocate.

*Prin. Kath. Tudor* what firſt you ſpoke made me not fear
That Rival was a word I e're ſhould hear.
For you in that repeat the paſt offence,
Which made me lately baniſh you from hence.
If, by his worth, your King claims my eſteem,
Why grieve you that you plead to gain it him?

*Tudor.* Ah, Madam, may I not your pardon crave
For grieving when I part from all I have?

A Father, when he sees his only Son
Condemn'd to death for what he could not shun
(Though to the right of justice he submit)
May well be pardon'd if he mourns for it.
By double Dictates, Madam, I am led;
My loss makes me lament, my justice plead.
But all my sorrows soon will lose their place
If you raise him for whom I ruin'd am.
A Prince who only does, as his just due,
Deserve to love you, and be lov'd by you.

*Prin. Kath.* Has yet the Queen ought of this business known?

*Tudor*, I had but leave to wait on you alone.
Those common paths of Kings mine will not tread,
To see by Picture and by Proxy wed.
He'l make his Court at an unusual rate;
His is a love of liking, not of state.
And says, he does not for a Mistress sue
To *France*, but humbly begs your self of you.

*Prin. Kath.* I but by Picture did to him appear.

*Tudor.* Yes, he hath seen you in my Character.
'Tis far above the labour'd art of man
To draw a Mistress as a Lover can.
Your Picture took his sight; but you will find
My words alone did Captivate his mind.
Though you may think the pencil's pow'r is great;
It aims to paint a fire, but not a heat;
Much less a heat which does from Love arise,
And which is kindled by his Mistress eyes.
The Pencil to my words resign'd the place;
Those drew your Soul, that painted but your face.
Madam, 'twas I who told him how your mind
With greater lustre than your Beauty shin'd;
That from the Charms of your discourse and shape
Men could no more than from your eyes escape.
And I may justly, Madam, be afraid
He saw in me, you acted all I said;
And to revenge that which you call'd a crime
I on this Embassie am sent by him.

*Prin. Kath. Tudor*, into a new relapse you fall;
You seem'd to mourn at your Loves Funeral:
And I on that assurance pardon'd you.

*Tudor.* I told you what was then, not what is now.
If other words have wander'd in my talk,
The Ghost then of my murder'd Love did walk;
And like a Ghost to none it shall appear,
But before you who are the Murtherer.

*Prin. Kath.* If you'l to my esteem your self restore,
Let me, by it, be visited no more.

*Tudor.* Madam, I'le strive t' obey you from this hour.
But, since the dead have o're their Ghosts no power,
If mine again the trespass should commit,
My last request is that you'l pardon it;
And to so sad a love some sorrow give,
Which troub'es you when dead, as when alive.
But for my King I must my suit renew;
And beg to know what I must say from you.

If to accept his passion you incline,
You'l make his happiness your cursed mine.
Since you deny what for my self I crave,
Let me, against my self, successful prove.

*Prin. Kath.* You may acquaint the King, all he have said
Have in my thoughts a fit Impression made;
That I (as all who have but heard his name)
Believe his merit has acquir'd his Fame;
Though I with passion wish that he had shone
To raise his glory on remoter Foes.
I never more can his address receive
Till from the Queen he has procur'd me leave.

*Tudor.* Why do you, Madam, words so cruel speak?
Make him not for you to another seek;
Since, in that way, should he successful prove,
'Twill rather shew you can obey than love.
Only to you let him his blessings owe.

*Prin. Kath.* I have declar'd my resolution.

*Tudor.* To what then must the wretched *Tudor* trust?

*Prin. Kath.* To find his cure in what he grants is just.

*Tudor.* How can that heal him which does make his wound?
Yet to obey you, Madam, he is bound.
But if hereafter you should chance to hear
Some dying sighs which may offend your Ear;
Forc'd from him by the fiercest griefs assault,
Be pleas'd to pity, not condemn the fault. [*Exit* Tudor.

*Prin. Kath.* Oh! why is Love call'd Natures highest Law,
When Title, Mans invention, does it awe?
But 'tis the strength which reason does impart,
That makes my blood give rules thus to my heart.
If Nature reason on us did bestow,
Love, Natures dictate, 'twould not overthrow;
But reason is a bright resistless fire,
Which Heav'n, not Nature, does in us inspire.
It is not Natures Child, but Natures King;
And o're loves height does us to glory bring.
As bodies are below, and Souls above
So much should reason be preferr'd to Love:
Since Glory is the Souls most proper Sphere,
It does but wander when it moves not there.
This makes that King, who Courts me, *France* subdue;
And makes me fly what else I would pursue.

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## THE THIRD ACT.

*Enter* King Henry, Tudor.

*Tudor.* WHat I have said shews all that I have done;
The Daughter by the Mother must be won.
Those, Sir, who serving Heav'n, to Heav'n pretend,
By others mediation reach that end.

*King.*

*King.* That obligation, *Tudor*, I'le decline.
She shall be all her own that must be mine.
'Tis for her glory she her self should give,
The greatest gift that I can e're receive.
If from her will I differ, can she hate
My being for her int'rest obstinate?
Go! what I told thee, *Tudor*, must be done:
He ne're meets Honour who does danger shun.

[*Tudor offers to speak.*

*Tudor.* A Subject must not with his King contend.

*King.* My Subject? thou art more; thou art my Friend!
Make haste! for I will only stay behind
Till I have orders for the Treaty sign'd.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

*Enter Duke of* Burgundy, *and* Charaloys.

*Burg.* No, Son, the Treaty must not so proceed,
Lest of my help the Queen should have no need:
That envy'd pow'r which makes me useful here,
Is the effect not of her Love, but Fear;
Whilst things continue in their present state,
I can dispose of *France* and *England*'s Fate.
The greatest skill that I would wish from Heaven,
Is in a War to keep the Scale so even
As neither Party ever may prevail
But by his help whose hand does hold the Scale.
Whilst these two mighty Kingdoms disagree
I keep in safety my own *Burgundie*.

*Char.* Have you forgot that vow, Sir, which you made
To th' *English* King when *France* he did invade?
That vow is to your Honour still a debt.

*Burg.* A States-man all but int'rest may forget,
And only ought in his own strength to trust:
'Tis not a States-mans Vertue to be just.

*Char.* Those words which lately you in Council said,
Have on my Breast a deep impression made.
You urg'd that Acts of justice are alone
What can preserve or must exalt a Throne.
Is your own counsel by your self despis'd?

*Burg.* I then for others, not my self, advis'd.
Reason should still appoint us what to do.

*Char.* You'l find that Reason has Religion too,
Which is by inter-change of justice shown,
Doing to all what to your self is done.

*Burg.* You measure Reason with a crooked line.

*Char.* High Reason to Religion does incline.

*Burg.* I, Son, reason of Cloysters, not of State:
Pow'r seldom is Religious to that height.
Religion too not Reason is, but Faith.

*Char.* I fear, Sir, if such dang'rous ways you chuse,
Instead of ruling both, you both will lose.

*Burg.* A harder game than this I twice have plaid,
And though, by Fortune, I was still betray'd;
Yet still to greater pow'r I reach'd at length:
*Antæus*-like, by falling, I got strength.
Besides, *De Chastel*, by much art and pain,
Has brought the *Dauphin* back to Court again;

Who offers, if I'le urge the Queen for War,
We equally betwixt us two shall share
All Armies and all Governments in *France*,
And he'l forget the death of *Orleance*.
*Char.* O Sir, from such an offer'd Friendship fly;
What only Int'rest ties it will unty,
And I presume though you restor'd him *France*,
He'le ne're forget the death of *Orleance*.
I wish Heav'n sooner may forgive it you.
*Burg.* Alas young man, if you but truly knew
What pow'rful Charms on sweet revenge do wait
You would have acted what you think you hate.
*Char.* Beware, Sir, I beseech you then in time
Lest his revenge may seem as sweet to him.
*Burg.* These tender thoughts are graceful in a Son!
I have your Int'rest, you, your duty shown.
I'le hear their offers, though I them refuse:
When all is offer'd I the best will chuse. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Dauphin, De Chastel.

*De Chast.* Sir, I believe you now no longer fear
That on vain hopes I begg'd your presence here.
The Queen, while you retir'd, had by her Arts
So robb'd you of your future Subjects hearts,
That 'twas your presence only could restore
Them to that duty which they owe to Power.
Sir, Fortune too begins to pay her debts;
For the *Burgundian* with your Servant treats;
And such an Ear to my discourse he lent
As makes me more than hope a good event.
And, as a proof, he lik'd what I did speak:
He vow'd he would the English Treaty break.
Nor is this all; the Countess of *La Marr*
(To whom your Sister grows particular)
I have entirely wrought to favour you:
She told me, and th' Intelligence is new,
That *Blamount* from the Queen has gain'd free leave
Your Sister shall a single audience give
To one whom *Henry* sent with privacy.
*Dauph.* His Love for her will fatal be to me,
Unless th' effects of it I soon prevent.
*De Chast.* I therefore have obtain'd *La Marrs* consent
That you, conceal'd, shall in that room remain
Where she this messenger will entertain.
By that concealment you may clearly know
The roots of their designs, and how they grow.
*Dauph.* Heav'n for my Mother's faults makes me amends
In sending me a Friend who gets me Friends:
I fear'd my Sisters pride, my Mothers hate,
The English Kings great Love, and greater Fate,
Helpt by the subtle head of *Burgundy*,
Might by a fatal Marriage ruine me.
But this permission thou for me hast got
May teach me both to know and break the Plot.

When

When does this Love-Embaſſadour appear?
*De Chaſt.* They every moment, Sir, expect him here.
*Dauph.* Then it is fit I inſtantly repair
To that concealment promis'd by *La Marr.* [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Queen, *and Great* Conſtable.

*Queen.* Yes, I have ſeen the *Dauphin*, but methought
Though he has humbler geſtures with him brought,
Shaping his looks to what he gently ſaid,
Yet old reſentments clearly he betray'd.
But yet, perhaps, thoſe Charms which Courts attend
May to ſome mildneſs his fierce nature bend.
I will apply all that is taught by Art
Or wiſer Nature to reclaim his heart.
'Tis fit you know, e're you begin to Treat,
The King of *England*'s paſſion is ſo great
For my unmarry'd Daughter, that I hear,
He'l quit all he does claim, to marry her.
That this is true the Duke does undertake;
And you great uſe may of that paſſion make.
*Conſt.* Madam! 'tis ſtrange, for ſhe was then as fair
When offer'd to him to prevent a War.
*Queen.* He that by rules can judge a Lover's heart,
Has brought into the world an unknown Art.
But, having heard me, you muſt now be gone:
Should the Duke know we two had been alone
(You having both tane ſolemn leave of me)
It might in him create a jealouſie. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Princeſs Katherine, *and* King Henry *Incognito.*

*King.* Madam, when firſt my King from *Tudor* heard
That you your perſon to the Queen referr'd,
He ſent me hither humbly to deſire
You'd to your eyes be juſt and to his fire;
And would believe this right to both is due,
That he his Fate ſhould only learn from you.
He'l but from you receive his deſtiny,
Whether you'l make him live, or have him dye.
*Prin. Kath.* That anſwer, which by *Tudor* you have known,
Is, Sir, my final reſolution.
Nothing can e're perſwade me to forſake
Reſults which duty and my reaſon make.
*King.* Let him not be a double Sacrifice;
You kill'd him with your Words, and with your Eyes.
Heav'n meant that Beauty, Natures greateſt force,
Having exceeding pow'r, ſhould have remorſe.
Valour, and it, the world ſhould ſo enjoy
As both might overcome, but not deſtroy.
*Prin. Kath.* He who in Fight has all the *French* o're-thrown
Cannot be kill'd by words ſpoke but by one.
*King.* Yet he who has in *France* a Conqu'ring pow'r
With joy does own you as his Coniquerour.
And that you may not doubt that this is true
He is in perſon come to tell it you!

*The* King *takes off his Disguise.*

I was Loves Heretick till you Law,
In that which *Tudor* said, and Art did draw;
Now, like an Heretick, I treated am
By Love, who has condemn'd me to the flame.
Your Picture to resist I wanted skill,
T' oppose th' Original I want the will:
Believe what of my self is told by me.

*Prin. Kath.* The King of *England*! sure it cannot be!

*King.* Madam! by doubting adde not to this pain;
You cannot but know him in whom you reign.

*Prin. Kath.* Since he 'twixt *France* and all her safety stands,
How dares he trust his person in her hands?

*King.* He who adores you, and dares tell you so,
What is there after which he dare not do?

*Prin. Kath.* To what a strait, Sir, have you brought me to?
I must be false to *France*, or false to you.

*The* Dauphin *discovers himself.*

*Dauph.* I will enlarge you though you wicked grow
In calling that a strait which was not so:
For she who doubts if evil she should act,
Does, in that very doubt, a guilt contract.
No wonder now that *France* is fain to low
The Daughter of it treating thus our Foe.

*Prin. Kath.* Brother! I nothing of his coming knew;
His being here surpriz'd me more than you.

*Dauph.* Sister, when he reveal'd himself, your eyes
Shew'd greater signs of liking than surprize:
And, to convince me clearly of your crime,
You doubted if you should discover him.

*King.* I shall want patience to attend this storm!

*Prin. Kath.* The only fault you should in me reform
Is that I doubted whether I should do
As it became the Sister, Sir, of you.
But to the King Heav'n will this truth aver,
I ne're would have reveal'd his being here.
My Father's vertue to the world is known;
Who to my falshood would not owe his Throne.
If acts of Treachery he does not hate,
What he now suffers he deserves from Fate.
Since, by fair War, *France* now assaulted is,
Let her sink lower, or by Vertue rise.
To abject deeds I'le never condescend,
Nor make the means unworthy of the end.

*King.* Vertue a higher pitch did never rise;
It has a lustre which out-shines her Eyes.
Madam, in saying what you pleas'd to say,
You broke that silence my respects did pay.
And now, Sir, something I shall let you see
To make you grant you injur'd her, and me.

*Dauph.* Have you a Pass-port then for coming here?

*King.* This is my Pass-port to go ev'ry where: { *Pointing to his Sword.*
Who e're a Pass-port such as this can show
Will find all places safe, or make 'em so.
And, Sir, it is by this that you must swear
Not to reveal what you discover'd here:

This

This must be ſworn, and ſworn without a pauſe.

*Dauph.* You ſhould ſubdue me e're you give me Laws.
Yet, I will ſwear; but 'tis that to this chance
I owe the power to pay my debts to *France*,
Debts, which ſo weighty were as I did bow
More under them, than *France* does under you.
Thoſe debts which by a cruel Mother's envy,
Till now I to my birth could never pay.
Fortune! and Sifter! here I pardon you,
For all you did, and all that you would do,
Since through her Blindneſs, and your Treachery,
My ſelf I ſingle in condition ſee
To make our *France* ſuch a revenge receive,
As all her Swords in Battel could not give.
I only grieve one falſe to *France* and me
Should of that juſtice th' only witneſs be:
But yet that cauſe of grief ſhould diſappear,
Since ſeeing of your death will puniſh her.

*King.* Oh could I juſtly think my ſelf ſo bleſt
That what relates to me could touch her breaſt,
Though I ſhould periſh in this preſent ſtrife,
My death would be more happy than my life.
But ſince no ſervice I have paid her yet
Can make me hope a happineſs ſo great,
I'le ſtrive to merit that which you but fear,
By now revenging what you ſaid to her.
But yet, we ſhould not fight ſhe being by.

*Dauph.* That is the reaſon why you here muſt dye.

[*Draws his Sword.*

*King.* Then, Madam, you'l forgive me, if I now [*King Draws.*
Defend that life which does belong to you.

*Prin. Kath.* Oh Heav'ns! whom ſhall I call? perhaps I may
Saving my Brothers life the King betray.

[*Exit, and enters again with* La Marr.

You broke your truſt. Think on the Kings high worth.

*La Marr. Blamount's* without and ſtays to lead him forth!

[*King cloſes with him and diſ-arms him.*

*Prin. Kath.* Go open ſtrait the Garden Gallery,
Keep for the Kings eſcape the paſſage free.
Firſt for my Brother in the Lobby ſtay.

*La Marr.* When he is gone I'le ſhut it with this key. [*Exit* La Marr.

*Prin. Kath.* My Brother is diſ-arm'd! what ſhall I do?

*King.* Your life, young Prince, is at my mercy now.

*Prin. Kath.* Sir, for my Brothers life let me implore;
Nature ſpeaks now as Honour did before!

*King.* I to your pleaſure ever will ſubmit.
'Tis to your blood you owe my ſparing it.
Your life I give you at the Princeſs word;
And for her ſake, I here reſtore your Sword.
But, Sir, remember y'are oblig'd by me
No more t'invade your Sifters privacy;
Nor practiſe to obſtruct that paſſions way
Which is a debt ſo due as I muſt pay.
Theſe not obſerving my revenge ſhall prove
As ſtrong to you as ſhe ſhall find my love.
But if in both your courteſie be ſhown,
What here has paſt ſhall vaniſh as unknown.

*Dauph.* Your Fortune, Sir, is great o're *France* and me;
Great is your promiſe too of ſecreſie,
But if I can my ſelf with ſilence pleaſe,
You may thank that, and not your Menaces. [*Exit Dauphin.*

*Prin. Kath.* I'le follow him t'obſerve which way he takes,
Whilſt, for the King, ſhe th' other paſſage makes.
Sir, you ſhould ſtay a while; I'le bring the doubt. [*Exit.*

*King.* Oh Heavens! why have I given her cauſe to mourn?
*Blanmont*, whoſe conduct did me hither bring,
Will ſurely with a Friend, and with a King,
His promiſe keep; which was to leave but
I cannot his unblemiſh'd honour doubt.
But I will ſtay to ſpeak with her though all
The World were to be bury'd in my fall. [*Enter Princeſs.*
Madam, Can you the cauſe in me forgive
Which gave you terrours here and make you grieve?
When you he injures not, much more than me,
Your preſence will his Sanctuary be.

*Prin. Kath.* I will forgive you, Sir, all terrours here,
If by your quick return you'l end my fear.
To all your longer ſtay Alarms will give;
My Brother's Nature is Vindicative;
I fear from his revenge all that is ill,
Here, where he wants no pow'r to act his will.

*King.* A greater ruine, Madam, I fore-ſee
Then he, though in this place, can caſt on me;
If I from hence ſhould to my Camp remove
Before I know how you receive my love.

*Prin. Kath.* The firſt day, Sir, you'l think it were unfit
I ſhould do more than only know of it.
Nor have you any reaſon to deſpair
When for your ſafety I expreſs my care.

*King.* Vertue may make you be my ſafeſtes friend;
But to what's dearer to me I pretend.
My ſafety lies not in my going hence
But in that bleſſing you may here diſpence.
I would not ſafety without that enjoy;
And with it, nought my ſafety can deſtroy.

*Prin. Kath.* I will ſay any thing you'l have me ſay
Rather than keep you here in ruines way.
But yet, that what I ſpeak may not appear
To be the dictates only of my fear,
If you were gone I'le to my ſelf confeſs
Such vertue and reſpect you did expreſs,
That what I thought an Age had not the power
To act in me, you acted in one hour.
Now, Sir, you ſhould retire, and give a Maid
The eaſe to bluſh alone for what ſhe ſaid.

*King.* Madam, I go: but go ſo charm'd from hence,
Both by your eyes, and vertues influence,
That 'tis impoſſible for me to know
To which I moſt of Adoration owe.
But if the humbleſt duty, higheſt fire,
Which man e're ſhew'd, or love did e're inſpire,
Can be oblations fitting to be paid,
You'l ne're need bluſh for what you now have ſaid.

*Exit*

*Enter* La Marr.

*La Marr.* Sir, *Blanmont* stays for you. This is your way!

*Prin. Kath.* She is your Guide, take heed, Sir, of delay!

[*Exeunt* La Marr, King.

Who can or Love or Reason Pow'r expres?
One oft doe more than th' other, often less.
Reason makes me a Subjects passion fly;
Love o're a King gains such a Victory
As makes him venture life, and, what is far
More great, his growing Glories of the War,
That he his passion only might relate
And from my lips might hear his doubtful Fate.
Sure, to return some love for love so great,
Is not to give a gift, but pay a debt.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Dauphin, *and* de Chastel.

*Dauph.* Oh Friend, if I had kill'd him in that fight,
My Glory I had rais'd to such a height
That, maugre all my Mothers arts and hate,
I had restor'd, and I had rul'd the State.
All their successes had with him been dead;
For he's his Armies Soul as well as head.
Why did my Stars so fair a hope afford
(Leaving, O *France*! thy Fortune to my Sword)
Yet not to kill or perish by my Foe;
But both my Life and Sword I to him owe?

*De Chast.* Your mind, Sir, is too great to feel despair
For one ill chance in Duel, or in War.

*Dauph.* To be o'recome would be the greatest curse
If to out-live that Fate were not a worse.
The first, perhaps, was Fortunes fault alone;
But, Friend, the last too clearly is my own.

*De Chast.* If of that stain your heart has such a sense
Let's wash it off in's blood, e're he go hence.

*Dauph.* Should the first act of life which he did give
Meanly the Giver of his life deprive?
Because blind Fortune guilty is to me
Shall I, to my own self, more guilty be?
No, my *De Chastel*; though he be my Foe,
Yet he hath still most gen'rously been so;
And by no Acts of mine he ne're shall die
Unless by such as rais'd him up so high.

*De Chast.* Let me then, single, your revenge pursue.

*Dauph.* Who to a Crime consents does act it too.
If it were fit, the act it self I'de do:
And what's unfit, shall not be done by you.

*De Chast.* I hope, Sir, then the Treaty I begun
Will put you in so high a posture soon
That the disgrace, which but a few now sees,
Shall in the eyes of crowds of Witnesses
Be so wash'd off as shall your sorrow cure.

*Dauph.* Thy hope's uncertain, my disgrace is sure.

But

But what of good is meant for me by Fate
Thou ought'ſt to haſten or 'twill come too late. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Warwick, *and* Tudor *Diſguis'd.*

*Warw.* *Blamount* deſir'd us to expect him here.
*Tudor.* The King did never ſhew us how to fear,
Elſe we ſhould tremble now at *Blamount's* ſtay.
*Warw.* Would Love had led the King a ſafer way.
Kings, in whoſe chances Nations fall or riſe,
Hazard too much in private Gallantries;
The odds againſt them checks their luck and ſkill.
*Tudor.* 'Tis true, but Loves great Gameſters reckon ſtill
(Whilſt boldly they the ſtake that's faireſt chuſe)
What they may win, and not what they may loſe.

*Enter* Blamount.

*Blam.* The King hath ſent for you. I'le bring you ſtraight
Where he is ſafe out of the reach of Fate.
You muſt to horſe. I'le tell you what has paſt.
*Tudor.* You free us from a pain too great to laſt. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Princeſs Katherine, *and* Princeſs Ann.

*Prin. Kath.* My fear did then my reaſon overthrow;
I could ſcarce think, much leſs know what to do.
*Prin. An.* Why did you not by poſitive commands
Reſtrain at leaſt the King of *England's* hands?
*Prin. Kath.* Should I ſo much my Brothers ſafety prize
As to procure it by mean remedies?
Ah! ſince 'twas only Love brought *Henry* here,
Should I have made his Love his Murderer?
The *Dauphin* to the King injurious was:
Heaven would not let thoſe wrongs unpuniſh'd paſs.
*Prin. An.* His wrongs more than your own your anger move.
*Prin. Kath.* That's what I owe my Vertue, not his Love.
*Prin. An.* I doubt the *Dauphin* ſome raſh thing will do.
*Prin. Kath.* *La Marr* was to attend our interview;
Who did, corrupted by *De Chaſtel*, bring
The *Dauphin* to obſerve me with the King.
I from the terrour of their Fight did fly
And met her, who, to ſalve her Treachery,
(Having a full command of all the keys)
Diſpos'd their paſſage forth by ſev'ral ways.
*Blamount* with all the Friends that he could get
I have engag'd to ſecond his Retreat.
I hope my care in that will happy prove.
*Prin. An.* Where there is ſo much care there is ſome love.
*Prin. Kath.* I know not whether it be love or no,
But ſuch great things he did both ſay and do
That I, dear friend, inſenſibly am led
To think that may be true which now you ſed.
Who can, when ſuch a Victor will advance,
Reſiſt that vertue which does conquer *France*?
*Prin. An.* The proof he lately gave you of his flame,
Madam, is ſuch as is above a name.

All

All trodden ways in Love he does despise
As things below his passion and your Eyes.
*Prin. Kath.* Condemn not then my being in some pain,
Till I assurance of his safety gain:
Which blessing that I may the sooner know
This proof of Friendship mine does beg of you,
That we dividedly our selves concern
Which of us first the welcome news shall learn.
*Prin. An.* I'le still obey what-ever you command,
And, what I hear, you straight shall understand.
*Prin. Kath.* May Heaven so guide the King that I may hear
He is beyond the prospect of my fear. *Exeunt.*

## THE FOURTH ACT.

*The Curtain being drawn up,*

*The Duke of* Burgundy, *the* Constable, *Earl of* Charaloys, *and the* Bishop *of* Arras *are seen sitting at one side of a Table, attended by the French Officers of State; on the other side, are seated the Duke of* Exeter, *Duke of* Bedford, *the* Arch-Bishop *of* Canterbury, *and the Earl of* Warwick, *attended by the* English.

*Burg.* SInce all, my Lords, is done by us and you
VVhich is, as previous to a Treaty, due;
Delays in the affair should be abhor'd,
Those impious are when peace may be restor'd:
Therefore, my Lords, 'twere fit you would express
On what conditions you will grant a peace.
*Exet.* Those who our right and strength well understand
Need not be told, that we all *France* demand.
*Const.* You would by meer demand a question make;
No Treaty gives all that success can take:
This high resolve does more become the Field:
'Tis nobler all to lose than all to yield.
*Bedf.* And you'l confess it is more nobly done,
By Arms than Treaty to regain a Throne;
But yet my Brother thought a Treaty good
That his *French* Subjects might preserve their blood.
*Arch-Bish.* That King proves well the justice of his claim
VVho, for his Subjects sakes, is deaf to Fame.
*E. of Char.* Had we no Plea but what prescription gives
That were enough whilst any *French-man* lives.
*Warw.* In pleading so, my Lord, your selves you wrong;
That can no Title be but to the strong.
For what can a protective aid afford
Against the clearest Right, and sharpest Sword?
*Bish. of Ar.* From what pretence for're a claim you draw
*France* knows no right above her Salique Law:
A Law which is both rational, and old;
It never was by time or force controul'd.
*Exet.* You but imperfectly your story know;
Or speaking thus, you hope that we do so:
That Law (if made) was past on *Sala's* banks;
And was not made for *France* but for the *Franks*;

A *Germain* people who in Camps were bred,
And therefore ſtill renounc'd a Female head.
*Bedf.* A Law, which only from arm'd Tumults roſe,
And which Heaven's Law and Nature's does oppoſe.
My Lord of *Canterbury* 'tis in you
To ſpeak how *France* we challenge as our due.
*Arch-Biſh.* *Philip* the Fourth, as your own ſtories tell,
Had *Lewis*, *Philip*, *Charles* and *Iſabel*;
*Edward* the Second did his Daughter wed;
His Sons did all to the *French* Crown ſucceed.
Who, no Sons leaving, *Philip*, the Uncle's Son,
Did from the Fathers Daughter take the Crown;
And kept it during injur'd *Edward*'s life;
To whom 'twas due, in juſtice, by his Wife.
That *Edward*, dead, *Edward* the Third, his Son,
Did in his Mothers right, demand his Crown.
*Creſſy* and *Poictiers* to the World declare
How Heav'n eſteem'd his Sword in that juſt War.
Death, Natures Conquerour, did him ſubdue;
And his great Son, the Greater of the two.
Soon after, Civil Wars our Iſle deſtroy'd:
Our Swords againſt our ſelves were long employ'd.
Whilſt ſick with Civil War, Prides worſt diſeaſe,
We bled in *France*, and loſt three Provinces.
But, now when thoſe Inteſtine Wars are done,
We come here to receive, or take our own.
*Bedf.* You boaſt your Salique Law ſo juſt, and old,
That it by time or force was ne're controul'd.
But tell, I pray, what part of it decreed
That *Martel* ſhould King *Childerick* ſucceed?
Or how it could, if not by wreſted ſhift,
Make *Capet* Succeſſor to *Lewis* the Fifth,
When *Charles* of *Lorrain* ſhould have fill'd the place;
The firſt Heir-male left of your Royal Race?
*Exet.* 'Tis true, the States of *France*, by their decree,
Did call King *Capet* to the Monarchie.
Who wiſely then did Royal Int'reſt ſave,
Making them think that what they paid, they gave:
For ſo to his juſt right he joyn'd their power,
By which he vanquiſh'd his Competitor.
Thus when by Arms the Salique Law was try'd
Heaven judg'd the Title to the Female ſide:
For the chief right which *Capet* had to plead
Was that he did King *Lewis* Siſter wed.
*Arch-Biſh.* From this great *Capet*, who that Law repeal'd,
All your ſucceeding Kings their Crowns have held.
By which, my Lords, we think we clearly ſhow,
If then his claim was good, ours now is ſo.
*Warw.* Or, if you grant the States by their decree
Can give to whom they will this Monarchie,
If you their pow'r ſo highly will advance,
We need but conquer to have right to *France*.
*Burg.* Since you, my Lords, ſo pry into our rights,
How comes your Red-roſe now to rule your White?
Blame not what *France* to that Duke *Charles* hath done
When a *Lanceſtrian* head does wear your Crown.

What by both sides may equally be sed
That neither, as his proper right, can plead.
But if your Roses Heav'n should e're unite
Then you may challenge *France* with better right.
None of the present Line we will admit;
The house of *York* can only plead for it.

*Exet.* All of that House allow my Nephew's right;
And, under him, they for this Empire fight.
If Fate should them to *Englands* Throne advance
They shall possess, with it, the Throne of *France*:
By them as Subjects he is serv'd and fear'd.

*Burg.* When they are Kings again they shall be heard.
My Lords, that all this vain discourse may cease,
What say you, if, t'advance you to a peace,
We give your King the Princess *Katherine*,
And with her such vast Treasure we assign,
As may for ever all your Title buy
To *Anjou*, *Aquitain*, and *Normandy*?

*Bedf.* How came such abject offers in your thought?
One ought not to be sold, nor th' other bought.

*Burg.* Then know, my Lords, the War you must pursue;
The Sword must end what Treaty could not do.

*He rises, and the rest after him.*

*Exet.* 'Tis to the Sword we must have our recourse!
Where right's deny'd 'tis justice to use force.

*Bedf.* *Pippin* and *Capet* such sharp Swords did draw
As twice repeal'd this Pagan-Salique-Law.
My Brother then may charge it as your crime
If he presume to do it the third time.
His Sword you'l quickly feel as sharp as theirs;
Since force must plead the right of Female-heirs.
My Lords, farewel! we cannot here agree!
But they'l begin th' ensuing War at Sea.
Their Fleet's prepar'd; and, by this morning Post,
Our Navy too does call me to the Coast.

*Salutes the English Lords.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* Queen *and Countess of* La Marr.

*La Marr.* So far this Treaty has already gone.
That the *Burgundian* did assure your Son
The English Treaty never should succeed;
Which with the *Dauphin's* passion so agreed
As he has offer'd him to share all *France*
And to forget the Death of *Orleance*.
This, Madam, but too clearly lets you see
They mean to force you from the Regency:
Which the false Duke soon after will enjoy:
First he'l divide, and then your house destroy.

*Queen.* This service, my *La Marr*, is far above
All presents I can make you, but my love.
I thought *De Chastel* had so fierce a mind
As he to love could never have inclin'd;
But in that thought I find I injure you:
This conquest only to your Eyes is due.

*La Marr.* Madam, 'twas only Love which could have prest
This fatal secret from *De Chastel's* breast.

Nor

Nor would I e're to him have faithless been,
But to save *France*, and to preserve my Queen.
*Queen.* Thy Queen half lost, thy friendship does restore;
And yet thy friendship must oblige her more.----
*Enter* Burgund, *and* Constable. *The Queen casts her Eyes on* Burgundy.
That haughty *Burgundy* shall shortly mourn.----
Kind Cousin! you have made a quick return.----
*Burg.* The Dukes of *Bedford* and of *Exeter*,
Joyn'd with their talking Bishop, did appear
So much averse to all that we could speak
As we in duty did the Treaty break;
Duty to you. We offer'd all you sent,
But only *France* can give their pride content.
*Queen.* Since these bold Foes take pleasure to make War
(Proud that they dare do worse than others dare,
And prouder with success) let us provide
T' advance our merit and debase their pride.
*Burg.* Madam, in this just cause I shall afford
Th' assistance of my Counsel and my Sword.
*Queen.* It is on those my chief dependance lies:
For you, my Lord, both pow'rful are and wise.
Prepare for Action, and let Treaties cease:
The wise may lose by War, fools lose by Peace.
*Burg.* The better to obey what you desire
Excuse me, Madam, if I now retire. [*Exit.*
*Queen.* He being gone, my Lord, I'le let you know
What *France*, and I, do to this Lady owe.
The Duke has broke the *English* Treaty now
That to the *Dauphin* he may keep his Vow.
And false *De Chastel* made 'em both agree
Out of my hands to force the regency.
And then between themselves they are to share
The high employments both of Peace and War.
*Const.* This Duke does all my faculties amaze:
Yet still he lov'd to walk in crooked ways.
*Queen.* They all shall sink and their own ruine find
Within that depth which they for me design'd.
My Secretary *Perrot* understands
The Art of counterfeiting Seals and Hands:
I'le make him straight write to the *English* King,
As from the Duke, proposing every thing
Which false *De Chastel* offer'd from my Son;
Yet when all promis'd by the King is done,
Though less than what my Son did e're propose
Him he'l forsake, and with the *English* close.
*La Marr* shall entertain *De Chastel* so
As of the Duke he may suspicious grow.
*La Marr.* Some doubts which seem perplex'd I will unfold;
I'le say, he with the King does Treaty hold.
*Queen.* Which can no other way be brought to light
But by those Letters ta'ne which he may write:
These Letters shall, though forg'd, authentick seem;
And must be intercepted too by him.
*La Marr.* This will between them raise a jealousie.
*Const.* And when that seed is sown 'twill never dye.

The

The *Dauphins* Soul I never understood
If he revenge not this affront with blood.

*Queen.* My Lord, withdraw, and write with instant care.

*Exit Constable.*

The Letter for *Du Perrot*: you, *La Marr*,
Shall sooth *De Chastel* with your former Art,
And subtly play your self in all your part.

[*Exit* La Marr.

Great troubles to a Throne the way prepare;
And greater troubles must preserve us there.
Yet the Ambitious envy those who reign:
They know the Pomp of Crowns, but not the pain.

*Exit.*

*The* Princess Katherine, *meeting* Princess Anne.

*Prin. Kath.* Madam, what News?

*Prin. An.* The worst that I could bring:
They have dissolv'd the Treaty with the King.
Peace is quite fled, which did before but hide
Her chearful face. The Sword must all decide.
Thou forward hope, Wars voice has call'd thee back!

*Prin. Kath.* I ne're could think suspence was such a rack.

*Prin. An.* Suspence, in any thing, a pain does prove;
But turns a torment when 'tis mix'd with love.

*Enter* La Marr *in haste.*

*La Marr* Madam, I doubt the Queen and Duke have heard
Of that disguise in which the King appear'd.
The busie Whisp'rers run from place to place;
And fear, or news, is seen in every Face.
Small Parties meet; then to a throng they grow,
As Clouds unite before a storm does blow.

*Enter* Blamount.

*Blam.* Madam, I left the *Dauphin* with the Queen;
They have this morning in a Tempest been:
Their meeting was both violent and short:
Your Brother instantly will leave the Court.
He said he would no longer vainly strive,
But boldly take what some deny to give.
Safely the Duke th' event of this attends,
And his apartment fills with Guards and Friends.

*Enter* Earl Chareloys.

*E. of Char.* Madam, just now I from the *Dauphin* came:
His Friends are kindled with his anger's flame.
He is to sudden Execution bent;
To Deeds so swift as he'l too late repent.
He puts on wings for what he will pursue;
And says my Father does usurp his due:
And fierce *De Chastel* too (which all admire)
Against his Nature strives to quench this fire.

*Enter* French Lady.

*Lady.* Madam, you are expected by the Queen.

*Prin. Kath.* This storm will fall as soon as it is seen.
My Lord, I'le strive to make the Queen apply
To this distemper a quick remedy.

I *Char.*

*Charl.* I'le ſtill near my ſuſpicious Father ſtay;
Too much ſuſpition does it ſelf betray.
*Prin. An.* Brother, I'le follow! Madam, we in vain
In ſtorms of Love of other ſtorms complain.
Love's Queen did riſe from the tempeſtuous Sea;
Which ſhews that love in ſtorms muſt ever be. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Tudor.

*Tudor.* By what the King related I may ſee
The Princeſs is for ever loſt to me,
'Tis evident ſhe has her love reſign'd
To his great Title and his greater mind.
Why ſhould I thus, what ſhe has done deplore?
She did but that which I had done before.
But, Fate, thou art unjuſt in making me
To quit the love yet keep the jealouſie:
Which is of Love's fair tree the fouleſt fruit;
A Branch whoſe nouriſhment offends the root.
Shall jealouſie a pow'r o're judgment gain
Though it does only in the fancy reign?
With knowledge thou art inconſiſtent ſtill;
The minds foul Monſter whom fair truth does kill.
Thy tyranny ſubverts even Nature's Laws;
For oft thou haſt effects without a cauſe.
And, which thy ſtrength or weakneſs does detect,
Thou often haſt a cauſe without effect.
In all thou doſt, thou ever doſt amiſs,
Seeſt what is not, or ſeeſt not that which is.
Whilſt thou doſt live ſickneſs does thee purſue;
And he who cures thee needs muſt kill thee too.

*Enter* King.

*King. Tudor!* you muſt not think my friendſhip rude
Though it purſue you to your ſolitude.
Some fatal ſorrow has your heart oppreſt:
Divide it, and ſend half into my breaſt.
*Tudor.* What is it can invade me in exceſs,
But joy, whilſt I your favour, Sir, poſſeſs?
*King.* If my warm favour has your bleſſing made,
Why leave you then that Sun to ſeek this ſhade?
*Tudor.* Sir, from your bounties I retire to ſhow
I would prevent th' increaſe of what I owe.
I ſtudy here to pay my former ſcore;
And I avoid your making of it more.
*King. Tudor!* I no ſuch anſwer will admit;
I muſt be paid with truth and not with wit.
The truth of Friendſhip has forſook the Earth:
Thou doſt diſſemble thy accuſtom'd mirth.
A ſudden ſigh does thy feign'd ſmiles detect:
Nature betrays more Art than I ſuſpect.
*Tudor.* Let me not, Sir, be for that ſhape deſpis'd
In which I am, ev'n to my ſelf, diſguis'd.
*King.* Friendſhip above all tyes does bind the heart;
And faith in Friendſhip is the nobleſt part.

'Tis

'Tis ill, unaskt, not to have told your pain;
But worse, when askt, if you excuses feign.
Farewel, frail man; our Friendship here must end.
You wrong your Honour, when you wrong a Friend.

*King offers to go out.*

*Tudor.* Stay, Sir, and to your vertue I'le unfold
The saddest story that was ever told.
*King.* VVhy with thy King should there such trifling be;
VVith Friendship too, which sacred is as he?
*Tudor.* My grief is yet close pris'ner in my Breast;
VVhilst there confin'd, 'twill only me molest;
But may disquiet you when got from home;
Complaints, when past relief grow troublesome.
*King.* That grief does far all other griefs transcend,
VVhich greater grows when trusted to a Friend.
Friendship in noble hearts would never reign
If Friendships duty should be Friendships pain.
For ease of sorrow Friends from Heaven were sent.
*Tudor*, dispatch, and try th' experiment.
*Tudor.* VVhy should you press me, Sir? it will not out.----
*King.* Those fear their Cure who their Physitians doubt.
*Tudor.* Force me not, Sir, to tell you what can be
No ease to you, and yet a rack to me.
*King.* Tell it I say!
*Tudor.* I'le tell it though I dye----
I am in Love.
*King.* In Love? and so am I.
Is this the strangest story e're was known?
*Tudor.* Pray Heav'n you think not so e're it be done.
*King.* Proceed.
*Tudor.* She Sir, who does my heart subdue,
Is by my Friend ador'd with passion too:
And, which is worse, his passion he did tell
To me, e're mine I durst to him reveal.
And, worser yet, that Friend does me employ
T' assist his Love whilst I my own destroy.
I lose my Mistress if I condescend
To this, not doing it, I lose my Friend.
But, which is worst of all, I'le not deny
He does deserve her so much more than I
That should she, for my sake, make him despair
She must be more unjust than she is fair.
And whilst she does admit of my address,
The wrong I do destroys my happiness.
*King.* 'Tis difficult. VVhat hast thou fixt upon?
*Tudor.* VVhat I thought just I have already done.
*King.* VVhy then is so much time in sorrow spent?
For what is justly done canst thou repent?
*Tudor.* In what I did such justice I have shown
That I would do't again, were it undone.
But, Sir, I cannot yet that grief remove
VVhich springs from Friendship that contests with Love.
As after storms the Sea does troubled show
Though the fierce VVinds, which mov'd it, cease to blow.
*King.* No wonder griefs wild Sea so high is wrought
Since in your Breast Friendship and Love have fought,

But

But tell me now thy Friends and Miſtreſs Name
For whom your ſelf you nobly overcame.
He who you think deſerves much more than you
I muſt conclude deſerves my Friendſhip too.
*Tudor.* Oh Sir! in that your pardon I implore:
Too much is ſaid; force me to ſay no more.
*King.* *Tudor*, that man muſt high in merit be
For whom you'l do, more than you'l truſt with me.

Tudor *kneels.*

*Tudor.* Forgive me, Sir, if more I dare not ſay:
Let me in ſilence mourn my Life away.
*King.* Riſe, but no more I thee my Friend will call:
For he's no Friend, if not a Friend in all.
In part thou ſhew'ſt me what I whole would ſee;
A half Friend's worſe than a whole enemy.
Thy ſilence by a ſtricter way I'le break.
By thy Allegiance I command thee ſpeak!
*Tudor.* Oh do not think my Soul is ſunk ſo low
That ought can act what Friendſhip could not do.
*King.* Thy want of it, this paſſion from me draws:
Excuſe th' effects of which thou art the cauſe.
No longer, *Tudor*, at this rate contend

[*Embraces him.*

With him who is thy King, and more, thy Friend.
*Tudor.* The charming name of Friend will make me ſpeak
When, even my King, could not my ſilence break.
You are that Friend whoſe name I would conceal;
Who is the Miſtreſs then I need not tell.
She too did this revealment, Sir, conſtrain:
VVhat but my pain could have diſclos'd my pain?
*King.* Oh why ſo late doſt thou this truth avow?
*Tudor.* I fear too early I have told it now.
*King.* Thus to have us'd thy Friendſhip breeds a pain
VVhich nothing can tranſcend but her diſdain.
*Tudor.* But had I told it ſooner, Sir, to you,
Could you have then done more than you can now?
Since all I ask, for what you make me ſay,
Is but your pardon that I durſt obey.
*King.* My ignorance alone has made me do
VVhat Love it ſelf could not have forc'd me to.
*Tudor.* Though, Sir, the Charms of Lovers hopes are ſweet,
Yet mine I freely proſtrate at your feet.
*King.* My Rival thus in Love thou ſhunn'ſt to be,
Yet thus in honour doſt out-rival me.
I to no Monarch e're that glory gave;
Much leſs my Subject ſhall that glory have.
If, *Tudor*, you would now ſuppreſs your flame,
To ſhew your Friendſhip, or exalt your fame,
That act on neither ſcore I will allow;
For I'm in both, as much concern'd as you.
So greatly, *Tudor*, thou haſt done for me
As nought can pay it but the ſame for thee.
*Tudor.* I cannot, Sir, Imagine your deſign.
*King.* To be your Advocate as you were mine,

And give you leave your passion to pursue,
And, which is more, I do command you too.

*Tudor.* Forgive me if this offer I refuse.

*King.* Resolve to take it, or thy King to lose.

*Tudor.* Then I'le embrace it, and dispute no more,
And give me leave a pardon to implore.
From all the better World who Lovers are,
From all who shall be so, and all that were,
That I against them did so guilty prove,
As to consider ought in Love, but Love.

*King. Tudor*, this gallantry obliges more,
Then all thy pleading for me did before.
But, if I ever can attend again
That Sov'reign Beauty which does o're us reign,
I'le give her then such Characters of thee,
As shall out-speak what thou hast said of me.
We then will be each others Advocate;
And from her sentence each receive his Fate.

*Tudor.* Though this is more then I could hope; yet still
That which revives my hopes, my hopes does kill.
For when describing me, you please to add
All that you think is likely to perswade,
Ev'n that a surer way will rather prove
To shew your Vertue than advance my Love.

*King.* Fear not, you may succeed, though drawing you
I shall but Copy what for me you drew.

*Tudor.* Yet those will find, who justly ballance things,
I only Subjects taught, but you teach Kings.

[*Exeunt.*

## THE FIFTH ACT.

*Enter the* King, *the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of* Bedford, *and* Tudor.

*King.* OUR good successes come together still;
And, as the good concur, so do the ill.
I have observ'd it, Uncle, have not you?

*Exet.* 'Tis, Sir, as worthy notice as 'tis true.

*King.* This seems, methinks, t'accuse their ignorance
Who attribute our great events to chance.
For though it may, when slowly one event
Follows another, look like accident,
Yet when together many swiftly joyn,
It shews a power which rules us by design.
Whilst we succeed at Land, to Heav'n we owe
The Triumph of a Naval Overthrow.
Brother, your tongue may claim the right alone
To tell what Heav'n by your brave hand has done.

*Bedf.* But little fame, where many Conquerours were,
Could justly fall to any single share.
When we had sail'd your Fleet in sight of *France*,
From the *Seine* mouth the *French* did strait advance:

Their number pleas'd us whom it meant to fright;
We joy'd at any thing that made them [illegible]
But whilst to gain the Wind both Navies [illegible]
Both, to the Southward, a third Fleet [illegible]
Whose course, by bearing, to our [illegible]
We thought to them, they fear'd to us,
When drawing near us, 'twas perceiv'd
Their Flags display'd the Arms of *Portugal*,
That prosp'rous King, your Kinsman, and our Friend,
His Royal Navy to your aid did send.
Hearing the *French* had rig'd a numerous Fleet,

*King.* This shews his Friendship, like his Power, great;
I am oblig'd, and more I could not be
Than by a Debt, great as your Victory.

*Bedf.* The Valiant *Bourbon*, Admiral of *France*,
Shrunk not at this, but swiftli'er did advance,
That shout with which we did their Navy greet,
Th'affrighted shore did Ecchо to their Fleet.
At the first shock, some ships we sunk and burn'd,
Our order soon was to a Chaos turn'd.
The *Portugals* still like the *English* fought,
Envying our Valour, or else by it taught.
A thousand Deeds were worthy in that fight,
Though not, Sir, of your hands, yet of your light.
But what the *French* perform'd, worthy your praise,
Serv'd but the more your Glory, Sir, to raise.
For your resistless Genius there did reign,
And made us gather Laurels on the Main:
As prosp'rous Stars, though absent to the sence,
Bless those they shine for by their influence.
Five hundred Ships were sunk or taken there
Whose Flags seem Wreaths for you, the Conquerour.

*King.* This high success at Sea, which Heav'n has sent,
Has made me Master of that Element.
When Monarchs have at Land a Battel lost
It may, to raise new Troops, some Treasure cost.
But to repair lost Fleets is not so cheap;
Woods are a Crop which men but once can reap.
That Prince, whose Flags are bow'd to on the Seas,
Of all Kings shores keeps in his hand the Keys:
No King can him, he may all Kings invade,
And on his Will depends their Peace and Trade.
Trade, which does Kings and Subjects wealth increase;
Trade, which more necessary is than Peace.

*Exet.* If the Worlds trade may to our hand be brought,
Though purchas'd by a War 'tis cheaply bought.

*Tudor.* He who an Island rules and not the Sea,
Is not a King, and may a Pris'ner be.

*Bedf.* In this Victorious Fleet your Parliament
Have such supplies of Men and Treasure sent,
That *France* will now in humble posture seek
The Treaty which her former Pride did break.

*King.* Those Royal Limbs will not their head forsake;
My Glory they their own kind Int'rest make.
Their Love does with their Duty nobly strive,
And giving thus, unask'd, they doubly give.

Ob

Oh *Tudor*! though my Sword at Land and Sea
Does conquer others, Love does conquer me.
Whilst under his resistless pow'r I groan
Fate cannot make me joyful with a Crown.

*Tudor.* May still the greatness of your fame increase;
And, for your quiet, may your love grow less.

*Enter* Warwick.

*Warw.* From the *French* Court Count *Blamount*, Sir, is come
And newly is alighted at your Tent.

*King.* Admit him, but he soon may hasten home
If from the false *Burgundian* he is come. [*Exit* Warwick.
A Prince worthy of nothing but of hate,
Early in promise, in performance late.
He cheaply rates my Honour with his own;
And meanly thinks that I would sell a Crown.
In wronging his high Birth he injures me
And gives my Sword a right to *Burgundy*.

*Enter* Warwick, Blamount, Charleloys *Disguis'd*.

*Blam.* If a surprizing wonder may be news,
Such as does joy and horrour too infuse,
I bring it, Sir: for he, whose head and Sword
Made War and Peace the Creatures of his word;
The Great *Burgundian* who in *France* did reign,
Is by appointment of the *Dauphin* slain.

*King.* Heaven's hand is sure, though it the stroke defer.

*Blam.* The face of *France* does full of change appear.

*King.* This Murther sudden was: but what late crime
Could urge the *Dauphin* thus to Murder him?

*Blam.* The Duke (who said, Treaties would never advance
That Peace with you which was desir'd by *France*)
Did therefore for the *Dauphin's* Friendship sue.
*Lyon* appointed was for interview;
To which the Duke did instantly repair;
There to resolve how to contrive the War.
The *Dauphin* met at the appointed time;
But, whilst the Duke humbly saluted him,
*De Chastel*, unprovok'd by deed or word,
In the Dukes heart did sheath his guilty Sword:
And then the *Dauphin* publickly did own
That this strange act by his command was done;
And said it was a justice due to *France*
Because the Duke had Murder'd *Orleance*.

*King.* Through what false Opticks do mens passions look?
In this wild justice he out-sin'd the Duke.

*Blam.* *De Chastel* talk'd (though few did credit it)
Of Letters taken which the Duke had writ,
Th' express confest that they to you were meant,
In which he offer'd (if you would consent
To what he there, Sir, did propose to you,)
He would unthrone the King and *Dauphin* too.

*King.* I by the Duke have been so courtly us'd
That what he had propos'd I had refus'd.
Will not the Son revenge the Fathers fall?

[Charleloys *pulls off his Disguise.*

*Charl.* Yes, Sir, and does for your assistance call.

The

The blood of Sov'raign Princes basely spilt
Calls loud to Monarchs to revenge the Guilt.
My reason, not my passion makes me flye
From a false Friend to a brave Enemy.
If you'l revenge high blood, ignobly shed,
The Crown of *France* I'le settle on your head.
And, when you wed the Princess *Katherine*,
The States shall then entail it on your Line.
Of those most are my Friends and my Allies;
And they are all so Noble and so Wise,
That with one voice they will aloud disdain
The proud injustice of a Murd'rers reign.

*King.* Your Father's faults I le cast into his Grave;
And will revenge that blood I could not save.
And since you are so generous and just,
That, without Treaty, you my honour trust,
You shall, Sir, on a Kings unblemish'd word,
Enjoy my Friendship, and engage my Sword.

*Char.* Where faith is wanting this would satisfie;
On which, as on Truths Pillars, I rely.

*King.* Th' example of your worth will make a Friend.
But what, Sir, does the *Dauphin* now intend?

*Char.* This fatal Murther, Sir, he did design
Just when the Queen, the Princess *Katherine*,
My Sister *Anne*, and I, (t' avoid the heat
And noyse of *Paris*) did to *Meaux* retreat:
Some Troops to seize on us he thither sent:
One of their Leaders (as to *Meaux* they went,
Being my private Friend,) did by a Post
Tell me, unless we fled, we all were lost:
And that we should not then tow'rds *Paris* flye,
For on that Road some other Troops did lye
To intercept us if we thither fled.

*King.* This root of mischief soon will shoot and spread.

*Charl.* At this I found the Queens amazement great:
For being now cut off from her retreat,
Her wisdom could not teach her what to do;
I then propos'd we all should flye to you,
As the secureſt way to scape his rage;
And so your Virtue by our trust engage;
Vertue so known as would her fears controul.

*King.* Trust is the strongest Bond upon the Soul:
That sacred Tye has Vertue oft begot;
It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.

*Charl.* I said she might, to break her Son's design,
Give you for Bride the Princess *Katherine*:
And urge th' Estates t' entail the Crown on you:
This to your right, that to your love is due.
This done, what could resist your Arms and mine?
As she consider'd how she should incline
*Clermount* came in, disguis'd; in whose known care
Her Wealth and Jewels lay; who did declare
Her Treasure was surpriz'd, by some who said
That they the *Dauphin* in that act obey'd;
Who would employ that wealth, vilely procur'd,
So as that *France* should have her peace assur'd.

*King.*

*King.* The *Dauphin*, in his rage or waste, has done
What was below him as a Prince or Son.
*Charl.* Though she this wrong and loss did calmly bear,
Yet the high Dictates of Revenge and Fear
Made her resolve immediately to do
What I with reason first advis'd her to.
And now at *Troy*, the Queen and Princess are;
To which the *Dauphin* will Transport the War.
A Garrison of mine secures that Town,
And since 'tis mine you know it is your own.
*King.* 'Tis chiefly to your favour I must owe
My being blest in Love and Conquest too.
*Charl.* 'Twere fit, Sir, that you sent some Troops of Horse
The Garrison of *Troy* to re-inforce.
*King.* I'le lead them, Sir, my self: all that are mine
In *France*, are but the Guards of *Katherine*:
My Duty else she might in question bring.
*Charl.* 'Tis spoken like a Lover and a King.
*Blamount* I'le send before that she may know
What Honour to her you intend to do. [Exit Blamount.
When you to *Troy* are come it shall appear
I will perform more then I promis'd here.
*King.* You may augment my debt, as you think fit,
But nothing can encrease my sense of it,
Unless your favour, Sir, I could incline
To make my Brother's joys keep time with mine;
His Love to Princess *Anne* wants your consent.
*Charl.* She made me in their Loves her confident;
And in your Brother I shall think her blest.
*King.* This, Sir, unites our bloods and interest.
*Bedf.* This grant (great Prince) my happiness secures.
*King.* It makes my happiness as much as yours.
Now, *Tudor*, if our prosp'rous Stars design
That we shall both see beauteous *Katherine*,
I will perform all that I promis'd thee:
And when thy story she has heard from me
(In which by all her truth I'le do thee right)
We then our Supplications will unite,
That she (our Judge) will only him prefer
Whom she believes is least unworthy her;
Without regarding in the cause we bring
That thou my Subject art, or I thy King.
*Tudor.* In Vertue, Sir, so much you me out-shine
That you all other Motives may decline.
*King.* Brother, 'tis fit the Duke, with you and I,
Should on the Princess wait immediately.
*Tudor*'s Brigade the Princess Guard shall be;
And with the Army you must follow me. [Exeunt.

*Enter* Queen, Princess *Katherine*, Princess *Anne*, Countess *La Marr*.

*Queen.* Our sins make us defenceless, and we fly
For our protection to our Enemy.
Thy Laws, Oh Heav'n! have I offended so
That thou hast made my Son my greatest Foe?

Into the World I have the Monster brought;
And now no suff'rings can transcend that fault.

*Prin. Kath.* Madam, you make, whilest thus you bear his crime,
Our grief more just for you then yours for him.

*La Morr.* If he should hear you grieve in this excess,
The triumph of his malice would increase.

*Prin. An.* My Duty has th'assault of grief withstood;
For since his fury shed my Fathers blood,
That wasted time which you employ to grieve
I, to design'd revenge, more justly give;
Let all your sorrow in such thoughts expire.

*Queen.* Grief is the Fuel, and Revenge the fire.

*Prin. An.* Think thereon all the Crimes which he has done,
And let those thoughts cancel the name of Son.

*Queen.* Since fain so low from what is great or good
I hate his Crimes more then I love his blood.

*Enter* Blamount.

*Blam.* Madam, my Duty has provok'd my speed.
The King and Duke most strictly are agreed;
And both this night will wait upon you here.

*Queen.* This happy news suppresses all my fear,
And makes me hope, assisted by their Fate,
That I shall live to punish what I hate.

*Blam.* Those Troops, now on their March, he does design
As Guards t'attend the Princess *Katherine*;
And therefore would not send, but leads them here,
That his respect and love may both appear.

*Queen.* We were, when to his Monarch we did trust,
Kind to our selves and to his Virtue just.
*Blamount*, for this reception straight prepare
All that can joy and our respect declare.
Daughter, you must a while retire with me;
I have some Words which need your privacy. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Constable, *and Bishop of* Arras.

*Arras.* Our Ecclesiastick States are all agreed
This day the *Dauphin* for his bloody deed
Will summon'd be to answer what was done.

*Const.* I have the Peers to that conclusion won;
And those who represent the Commons too
Will now not slowly yield to what we do.
I'le lose my judgment if he dares appear.

*Arras.* He loses his, and life, in coming here;
This murder has incens'd them to the heighth.

*Const.* All hate a Prince who violates his Faith.
Thes peoples tempers do occasion give
T' obey those orders we did now receive.
I find already that the most incline
The King should marry Princess *Katherine*;
And on their Issue would the Crown entail.

*Arras.* The *Dauphin's* crime will make that King prevail.

*Const.* Rather then bow beneath a Murd'rers pow'r
I'le to the Throne advance our Conqueror.

The

The Queen and Duke expect it at your hands.

*Arras.* I never durst obey unjust commands.

*Const.* Do you then think that those commands are such?

*Arras.* If you think so, my Lord you wrong me much.
My judgment by a better guide was led
When I our Annals and Records had read:
For then I doubted that since *Charls* the Fair
Our Kings insensibly Usurpers were.
The Crown (if truth did dictate what I read)
Belong'd to the Victorious *Edward*'s head:
Which no prescription from his Line should take.
I'le therefore to this change no scruple make.
But if the *Dauphin* were the rightful Heir
You might of my obedience then despair;
For Reason's Maxim I must ever own;
No King can make a forfeit of his Crown.
Much less can I admit the States Decree
Has power to give away this Monarchie.

*Const.* My justice shall, now I am taught by you,
Perform what I resolv'd revenge should do.
My Lord, let's go where all our Friends are met;
And jointly pay to Heav'n this double debt. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* King, *Princess* Katherine, Tudor.

*King.* Madam, I have injurious been to him
As far as ignorance could make a crime:
I did employ him in my suit to you;
But knew not then, that he ador'd you too:
But I declare (which some amends may be)
That he at least, in all things equals me
Unless in Title; but 'tis greater far
A Crown to merit then a Crown to wear.
Can Title in that Ballance e're prevail
Where Love is Merit, and you hold the Scale?
I wave whatever may your favour move,
Except the Title of the highest Love.
Speak for thy self if I have lessen'd thee,

*Tudor.* Only my silence, Sir, should plead for me.

*King.* Thy love, when I employ'd thee, was unknown;
I minded no mans sorrows but mine own;
Nor where so many shafts were shot in me
Could think, any before had wounded thee.

*Tudor.* All, Sir, that in my cause is said by you
At once is for me, and against me too.
Howe're, I'le rather speak then quite despair;
Since she is just and you my Rival are:
Yet, Sir, this diff'rence to my case is due,
You speak for me, but I resign for you.

*Prin. Kath.* He who resigns his Love, though for his King,
Does, as he is a Lover; a low thing:
But as a Subject, a high Crime does do;
Being at once, Subject and Rebel too;
For, whilest to Regal pow'r he does submit,
He casts off Love, a greater pow'r then it.

*Tudor.* I fear you now are glad of a pretence
To punish what you cannot recompence.

Else

Else could you think Loves pow'r I do not know
Because my Love all others does out-go?
If I by that seem guilty in your Eye,
Oh happy guilt which raises Love so high!
For I but shew in what I now have done,
That I your Int'rest prize above my own.
*Prin. Kath.* But justly I admire how you can prove
So true to Friendship, and so false to Love;
Since in effect they both are but the same,
Only the Sex gives them a different name.
*Tudor.* You Friendship tax for being too sublime,
And make its duty, ev'n to Love a Crime.
*Prin. Kath.* Your King does give you a brave Rivals leave;
But you seem loth that license to receive:
Of these, which for my wonder is more fit;
The leave he gave, or your not using it?
*Tudor.* The Giver may such gifts as these esteem:
I can, but by refusing, merit them:
And, Madam, since 'tis evident that you
Can never pay what to us both is due,
Why will you call that act in me a crime
By which we both may justice do to him?
Nor blame me that my Friendship's debt I paid
By thus resigning what I never had.
Let me my death without reproaches crave.
*Prin. Kath.* At once you my disdain, and pardon have.
*Tudor.* But why should you disdain that which to you
Obedience shews, to him my Duty too?
*Prin. Kath.* It is a Duty he will not receive,
*Tudor.* But you, to love you, have deny'd me leave.
*Prin. Kath.* He who makes love at a true Lovers height
Does ne're ask leave, but takes it as his right.
*Tudor.* Have you design'd in what you'd have me do
To make me lose my King and Mistress too?
In losing of the last I'm so accurst
As you' in pity let me keep the first.
*Prin. Kath.* I'de have you, Sir in that which I intend
Express that you did merit such a Friend:
I would have had you too, to let him see
That you were not unworthy to love me.
But, making such an ill Retreat, you seem
No more to merit bravely me or him.
What greater thing or meaner could you do
Then dare at once to love and quit me too?
I would have had you like your self appear,
And not with Friendships name disguise your fear.
Nor tell him he to your respect does owe
That which alone my justice does bestow.
I would have had you nobly fall by it,
And not thus meanly, uncompell'd, submit.
*Tudor.* Madam, with you no longer I'le contend;
Since in the way we differ, not the end.
Sir, though she thinks my condemnation fit;
Yet, without sighs, I to her doom submit:
For one joys loss another joy secures:
What loses me her favour, merits yours.

*King.* Whilſt, *Tudor*, you for me your claim deny
I gain the Field, and you the Victory:
Your's is the nobler, mine the happier ſhare,
I'm the oblig'd, but you th' obliger are.
*Prin. Katb.* In leaving me, as worthy of your Friend,
You to the utmoſt rate my worth commend.
Whilſt with that value I to him am brought,
You ſhew a friendſhip worthy to be ſought.
Be but my Friend, as you to him have been,
Letting out Love to keep your Friendſhip in,
And make forſaken Love contented ſeem,
Then I'le your Friendſhip, Sir, like Love eſteem.

*Enter* Queen, Chareloys, *Duke of* Bedford, *and Princeſs* Anne.

*Queen.* I'm come to tell you, Sir, that we have ſign'd
All that can *France* to your protection bind.
The States have judg'd to baniſhment my Son:
And, as we promis'd, have Entail'd the Crown.
*Charl.* And, Sir, in all their names, one from each State
Attending both your Thrones, ſhall ſupplicate
That they in publick their Decree may give,
Which only from their juſtice you receive.
*Queen.* That publick form, Sir, may a little wait
Till we our Nuptial Rites ſhall celebrate;
My thoughts are fully to my Daughter known.
*King.* But from her ſelf would I might know her own.
*Prin. Katb.* I of your love ſhall too unworthy be
When I deny that it has conquer'd me.
*King.* He who the glory has to conquer you,
Does, without War, more than the World ſubdue.
*Bedf.* Heav'n meant not you alone ſhould happy be.
Behold, Sir, what it has reſerv'd for me.
Confirm'd by her, and by her Brother too.
*Charl.* The gift is perfect when allow'd by you.
*King.* I can but adde the Ceremonial part;
You had the ſubſtance when you had the heart.
*Prin. An.* I cannot adde to what I gave before,
Unleſs in ſaying I could give no more.
*Queen.* Crowds of impatient Subjects wait within
To ſee the Nuptials of their King and Queen:
The Sacred Prelate in the Temple ſtays,
And longs to mingle Myrtle with your Bays.
It were offenſive to admit delay.---
She, Sir, will follow when I lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* Dauphin.

*Dauph.* Revenge and pride my reaſon have betray'd;
And both have rul'd, what both ſhould have obey'd.
This Duke did with his life his ſins reſign,
Which, in his blood, are written down for mine.
Revenge! of all thy charms, Oh let me find
But one t'appeaſe the Tempeſt of my mind.
Let none to the ſucceſs of miſchief truſt;
I'le rather be unhappy than unjuſt.

*Enter De Chastel hastily.*

*De Chast.* You cannot your new Levies now employ
To storm or to besige the Queen in *Troys*.
Sir, to prevent our courage and her fear,
The King of *England* is in person there.
The Bride's prepar'd, the King and Duke agreed;
The trembling States have treach'rously decreed,
During your Fathers life the King shall be
Admitted to a boundless Regencie.
And, after his decease their Law declares
The Crown shall fall to *Henry* and his Heirs.
The Queen (to whom they vast Revenues give)
Will, quitting power, rich and obscurely live.

*Dauph.* Can her revenge alone incline her to
What right and nature could not make her do?

*De Chast.* Spend not that time in blaming what she does
Which fortune for a fair retreat allows.
The Duke of *Exeter* with all his Horse
Directly to your Camp now bends his course.
Th' Alarm of such a growing force so near
Gave your new Troops a good excuse for fear.
O'retake your time before it runs too far.
Sir, 'tis a granted principle in War
That Chiefs, not strong enough t'engage in fight,
Should still retire before the Foe's in sight.
Of all Wars tasks the hardest is Retreat,
Where fear does our worst Foe, Disorder, meet.
Retire, Sir, lest men say, we proudly stay'd
Too long for those of whom we were afraid.

*Dauph.* Must the first Act which I design'd to do
Be foyl'd, and e're it is attempted too?

*De Chast.* Let not one look of Fortune cast you down:
She were not Fortune if she still did frown.
Such as do braveli'est bear her scorns a while
Are those on whom, at last, she most will smile.

*Dauph.* Raise then the Camp! Fortune, that leads the way
Of time's whole progress can give us a day. [*Exeunt.*

*The Curtain falls.*

*Two Heraulds appear opposite to each other in the Balconies near the Stage.*

1. *Her. Herauld!* What summons have you to proclaim?
Whom would you summon now, and in whose name?

2. All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear!

1. I am to summon those great Nations here.

2. And I must summon them to come before
*Henry* the Fifth, both King and Conquerour.
All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear!

1. Behold your King and Queen! behold! and hear!
You Prelates of the Church are summon'd all
And every Member Ecclesiastical.

2. And every Noble too, and Commoner!

1. He that is *French* or *English*; and not here,
In person or in publique Deputie,
Shall, though alive, in Law not living be.

2. *Henry*

2. *Henry* the Fifth is now to take the Crown
Of *France*, not as if giv'n him, but his own.
1. That Crown ſhall ſtill deſcend to all his Line
As Heirs, or not as Heirs, of *Katherine*.
2. He that is *French*, or *Engliſh*, now attends
1. Or elſe he is no *Leige-man*, nor no Friend.

*The Curtain is drawn up.*

*The Curtain being lifted up, there appear the* King, Princeſs Katherine, Queen *Mother*, Princeſs Anne, Charaloys, *and all the* Engliſh *and the* French *Nobility and Officers of State, and others according as their places.*

*Burg.* The Deputies, ſent by the three Eſtates,
Wait for admittance at your Palace Gates.
*King.* My Lord with all the publick forms of care
Let all my Officers their way prepare.

[*All the Officers aſſign'd for that purpoſe, then order as with*

If ought this day my bleſſings could abate,
'Tis that they are ill husbanded by Fate.
For, Madam, I am now too happy grown,
By gaining in one day, you and a Throne,
The firſt felicity I found ſo vaſt
As takes away my reliſh of the laſt.

*Enter the diſtinct Trains of the Deputies from the three Eſtates, the Kings Officers, and laſt of all the three Deputies, the Biſhop of* Arras *for the Eccleſiaſticks, the* Conſtable *for the* Peers, *and* Monſieur Cole-more *for the people.*

*Biſh. of Ar.* Great King, th' Eſtates of *France* have ſent us three
To pay their Duties in this juſt Decree:
Fixing the Crown on you, and on that line,
Which Heaven, in favour, ſhall to both deſign.
Who knows what wonders ſuch a line may do
As is from Beauties drawn and Conqu'rours too?
In which, Heav'n all thoſe Princes will unite
Who to this Empire have, or claim a right.
We by the *Dauphin*'s bloody deed did ſee
That he but falſly claim'd what he would be,
For we admir'd one born to fill his Throne
Could act his crime, and then that crime could own.
But, ſearching our Records, we found at laſt
That a long errour as a truth has paſt:
For he who flyes, now juſtice does advance,
Is *Charles* of *Valoys*, not the Son of *France*.
From thoſe Records the Learned clearly tell
Your Ancient Title by Queen *Iſabel*;
By whom you to this Crown are lawful Heir:
New rights we grant not, but the old declare.
This juſt Decree, in which they pay that debt,
We humbly proſtrate at your Royal Feet.
I from the Clergy come to whom is given
The laſting pow'r of Legates ſent from Heav'n,
Their Pray'rs will make you conquer when you fight;
And, in their voice, Heav'n does allow you right.

Conſt.

*Conſt.* I from the Nobles come, who ſtill are born
To ſave their Monarchs, and their Courts adorn;
And ſtill are certain of th' inceſſant care
Of Palaces and dangers of the War.
They in their Sphear ſhould ſtill continue bright
Since they from Kings derive their borrow'd light.

*Mounſ. Cole.* I from the people come, who always are
The Hands, as Nobles are the heads of War.
And when the glorious toils of War ſhall ceaſe
Their hands are no leſs uſeful, Sir, in Peace.

*B. of Arras.* And all the three do with one voice conſeſs
They in their duty find their happineſs.

[*They give the Parchment.*

*King.* Th' Eſtates I hope, my Lords, ſhall ne'er repent
What I receive, and they have freely ſent.
*Engliſh* and *French* now but one people are;
And both ſhall have my equal love and care.
But *Charles* of *Valois* we ſhall ſoon deſtroy;
And, by his ruine, *France* ſhall Peace enjoy.
Since now 'gainſt ſo much guilt we are to fight
We may depend on Conqueſt as our right.
Our Swords ſhould only Miracles produce
Now we have joyn'd the *Croſs* and *Fleur de Luce*.
'Twere ſin the help of Fortune to implore
To crown that head your hands have crown'd before.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

---

*FINIS.*

---

THE

# TRAGEDY

OF

# MUSTAPHA,

The SON of

# SOLYMAN

THE

# Magnificent.

---

Written by

The Right Honourable the Earl of *ORRERY.*

---

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*LONDON,*

Printed for *H. Herringman,* at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange.* 1669.

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LONDON,

Printed for H. Herringman, at the Sign of the Blew
Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New
Exchange. 1686.

N

# The Perſons.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Solyman* the Magnificent. | | Mr. *Betterton.* |
| *Muſtapha*, and *Zanger* | His Sons. | Mr. *Harris.*<br>Mr. *Smith.* |
| *Ruſtan*, and *Pyrrhus* | *Vizier Baſſaws.* | Mr. *Samford.*<br>Mr. *Norris.* |
| *Haly*, and *Achmat* | Eunuch *Baſſaws.* | Mr. *Cadiman.*<br>Mr. *James Noke.* |
| The King of *Hungary* an Infant. | | |
| The *Cardinal of Veradium.* | | Mr. *Young.* |
| *Thuricus*, and *Viche* | *Hungarian* Lords. | Mr. *Medborn.*<br>Mr. *Aingel.* |
| *Roxolana*, *Solymans* Wife. | | Mrs. *Betterton.* |
| *Queen* of *Hungary.* | | Mrs. *Davis.* |
| *Zarma*, and *Mirza* | *Roxolana's* Women. | Mrs. *Long.*<br>Mrs. *Norris.* |
| *Cleora*, Queen of *Hungary's* Woman. | | Mrs. *Shadwel.* |
| The *Sultans* Guards. | | |
| Mutes. | | |
| Pages. | | |
| And other Attendants. | | |

# The Persons.

| | |
|---|---|
| Solyman the Magnificent. | Mr. Betterton. |
| Mustapha, and Zanger } his Sons. | Mr. Harris. |
| | Mr. Smith. |
| Rustan, and Pyrrhus } Vizier Bassaws. | Mr. Sawyerd. |
| | Mr. Norris. |
| Haly, and Achmat } Eunuch Bassaws. | Mr. Cadiman. |
| | Mr. James Noke. |
| The King of Hungary an Infant. | |
| The Cardinal of Veradium. | Mr. Young. |
| Thurious, and Vicbe } Hungarian Lords. | Mr. Medborn. |
| | Mr. Aingel. |
| Roxolana, Solyman's Wife. | Mrs. Betterton. |
| Queen of Hungary. | Mrs. Davis. |
| Zarina, and Mirza } Roxolana's Women. | Mrs. Lang. |
| | Mrs. Norris. |
| Cleora, Queen of Hungary's Woman. | Mrs. Shadwell. |
| The Sultans Guards. | |
| Mutes. | |
| Pages. | |
| And other Attendants. | |

# Mustapha.

## THE FIRST ACT.

### Solymans *Camp and his Pavillion.*

Enter *Solyman*, *Rustan*, *Pyrrhus*, and the *Sultans* Guards.

*Rust.* WHat Influence, Mighty *Sultan*, rules the day,
And stops your course where glory leads the way?
Th' *Hungarian* Armies hasten from the Field,
And *Buda* waits for your approach to yield;
Yet you seem doubtful what you are to do,
And turn from Triumphs when they follow you.

*Pyrrh.* We at the Suns one moments rest should more
Admire than at his glorious course before.
Glory, like Time, progression does require,
When it does cease t'advance, it does expire.

*Soly.* You both mistake; my glory is the cause
That in my Conquest I have made this pause;
Whilst *Hungary* did pow'rful Foes afford,
I thought her Ruine worthy of my Sword;
But now the War does seem too low a thing,
Against a Mourning Queen, and Infant King;
*Pyrrhus*, it will unequal seem in me
To Conquer, and then bluish at Victory.

*Rust.* None but the Conquer'd should have sence of shame.
Shall shows of Vertue darken your bright Fame?
Success does cover all the crimes of War,
And Fame and Vertue still consistent are.
In lazy peace let Christian Monarchs rust,
Who think no War but what's defensive, just.
Our Valiant Prophet did by slaughter rise:
Conquest a part of our Religion is.

*Pyrrh.* He in his Holy War sounds no retreat,
Accounting none Religious but the great;
His Martyrs, not by yielding, glory gain;
They th'other World, by Conquering this, obtain.

*Soly.* To *Rome* I will my dreadful Enfigns lead,
*Rome* which was once the Universal head,
Which still the worlds important part controuls;
Once she gave Laws to Kingdoms, now to Souls;
To that great Conquest my designs I bend,
This Kingdom is my way and not my end,
Which now, since too much fear'd by my Alarms,
Seems worthier of my pity than my Arms.

*Ruſt.* Since *Rome* did once the Univerſe ſubdue,
'Tis now the only Conqueſt fit for you;
But he who Conqueſts wiſely has deſign'd,
Does never leave an Enemy behind.
Though all that Heav'n ere finiſh'd in a Man,
Is now in you, yet Heaven's Great Agent can
Proceed but as the Inſtrument of Fate,
To work out Conqueſts, not at once Create;
Beginnings ſhould to th' end ſtill uſeful be;
'Tis more to uſe then gain a Victory.

*Pyrrh.* The Sword muſt end what Valour has begun,
Elſe you diſgrace what is already done;
Your Foes would think if you ſhould now relent,
That you of Conqueſts as of Crimes repent.
When your bright Creſcents are to *Buda* ſhown,
'Tis but a ſtep to the *Hungarian* Crown;
Your preſence lower than their knees will bring
Th' *Hungarian* Prieſts to offer up their King.
When by that proof your Conqueſt is conſeſt,
Diſpoſe of him by rules of Intereſt.

*Soly.* Bear then my Standard before *Buda*'s Walls,
I ſhould not ſtop my Ears when glory calls;
Since there the Foe all his reſerves does make,
In taking *Buda* I the Kingdom take.
Call the *Divan*, let them conſult with you,
What with the Infant King is fit to do. [*Exeunt the two Baſſas.*
*Divans* like Common-wealths regard not fame,
Diſdaining honour they can feel no ſhame;
Each does, for what the publick ſafety call,
Venture his Vertue in behalf of all,
Doing by pow'r what Nature does forbid,
Each hoping, amongſt all, that he is hid,
Hidden becauſe they on each other wink,
When they dare act what Monarchs ſcorn to think. [*Exit.*

Enter *Iſabella* Queen of *Hungaria* in Mourning, *Cleora*, *Thwicus*, *Viche*, and Attendants.

*Thur.* In the *Hungarian* Council does appear
Diſorder vary'd in all ſhapes of fear.

*Viche.* And in their looks too clearly I deſcry,
They'l rather tamely yield than bravely dye.

*Queen.* But yet the remedy by Death remains,
When that may free them will they carry Chains?
Their Souls are with their Armies overcome,
They who the Bulwark were of Chriſtendom,
Shall now be made at once their ſcorn and ſhame:
'Tis leſs to loſe their Country than their Fame.
But though the frighted States ſhould yield the Town,
I am reſolv'd ne're to reſign the Crown;
My care of that, and my neglect of Life,
Are ſigns that I have been your Monarchs Wife.

*Thur.* The death of that Great King for whom you Mourn,
Did our advancing Empire backward turn;
The *Turks* may now the Chriſtian world out-brave,
Since all our hearts lie buri'd in his grave.

*Card.* The *Sultan's* Army covers *Buda's* hills, { *Enter the Cardinal of Veradium.*
Which our Conſulting States with terrour fills,
Who hearing he to ſuch has mercy ſhown,
As, timely yielding, did his wrath atone;
They will a ſudden preſent to him bring,
Worth more than all their lives, our Infant King.

*Queen.* Give up the King! in that reſolve I ſee
Th' *Hungarians* now are ripe for ſlavery;
The Prince, who from your King his birth did take,
Shall not a part of *Turkiſh* triumph make;
Death may, but fear ſhall never caſt me down:
Who yields, does ne're deſerve to wear a Crown;
Death ſhall us both in the firſt breach relieve,
We'l die, ſince in the Throne we cannot live.

*Thur.* Ah Madam, that which you have now deſign'd,
Does more become your fortune than your mind;
Let not your Vertue teach you cruelty.

*Queen.* 'Tis worſe to merit death than 'tis to die:
A Queen who does reſign her Son and State,
Does uſe her ſelf, worſe than ſhe's us'd by Fate.

*Card.* Since now the States your broken Armies pay,
The orders of the States they will obey;
And what they have reſolv'd, they ſoon will do,
Therefore my Councel, Madam, pray purſue;
Since they have prov'd ſo falſe and ſo unjuſt,
Turn what they make neceſſity to truſt;
Send the Crown-Jewels, and the Infant King
To *Roxolana* as an Offering;
Subdue that Beauty which the Victor ſways,
With what the Great are ſooneſt conquer'd, Praiſe:
Extol her Vertue, and her Mercy move,
By all the Charms of pity and of love;
In gaining her you make the *Sultan* ſure,
A deſperate ill can have no common cure.
Whilſt with applauſe high minds you higher raiſe,
You make them vertuous to make good your praiſe.

*Queen.* The States; not I, this Counſel may eſteem,
'Twill make me do what I abhorr'd in them;
If by their Cowardice I am deſtroy'd,
I'le bravely meet what I in vain avoid:
Ah! 'tis enough my fate to undergo,
Muſt I the Patient be, and Agent too?
'Tis Hazardous on th'Empreſs to relie,
I by the *Sultan's* Conqueſt can but die;
And 'twill leſs glory to my death afford,
To periſh by her ſentence then his ſword:
By my own way I but to death ſubmit,
But if I follow yours I merit it;
For when a Monarch is ſubdu'd by fear,
What he does ſuffer he deſerves to bear.

*Card.* My way, the worſt that can befal our King,
Is to become his peoples offering;
Of the two ills, which will the worſer be,
To die for them, or by their Treachery?
Thus he'l afflict whom he can ne're reclaim,
For ſure the ſharpeſt puniſhment is ſhame:

The

The worse they are, his fate the better seems,
When those who him destroy he thus redeems;
Religion too makes it a greater thing,
To die a Martyr then to live a King.

*Queen.* My Lord, your pious reasons make me yield,
Nature to Vertue should resign the field;
Bring me, *Cleora*, my unhappy Son,
And with him all the Jewels of the Crown; [*Exit* Cleora.
You *Thuricus* on Embassy shall go
To *Roxolana*'s Tent, and let her know
How much the common voice of Fame I trust,
Which renders her compassionate and just;
Whilest others say she all her sex exceeds,
They shew their Faith by words, but I by deeds;
I by so strange a trust may find relief,
If she has vertue equal to my grief.

*Viche.* Madam, she will not now by one mean act,
A future stain on her past fame contract.

*Thur.* Honour will make her value what I bring.
'Tis more to save then to destroy a King.

*Enter* Cleora *with the young King, and a Casket of Jewels, with Attendants.*

*Queen.* Ah! wou'd thy Cradle had been made thy Grave.
Since born to be at once a King and Slave;
In bonds thy fatal Reign thou dost begin,
And thou art punish'd e're thou know'st to sin.

*Card.* You feed your sorrow when you thus complain;
Think not of loss, but count what you may gain;
Fortune who leads him hence will bring him back,
And long preserve what you a while forsake.

*Queen.* My Lord, my sorrow seeks not your relief,
You are not fit to judge a mothers grief;
You have no Child for an untimely grave,
Nor can you lose, what I desire to have.

*Card.* He'l be restor'd unless you hazard him,
By losing time which none could ere redeem.

*Queen.* I'l now seal up the heart which I must send
In thee, to thy new-Mother and my Friend. [*Kisses him.*
Oh Heav'n perswade her that she both may prove,
And that her power be equall'd by her love;
Let me but seal't again ere it does go:
Two Seals th' importance of Dispatches show. [*Kisses him again.*

*Card.* Madam, we must by stealth our passage get:
Our Guards are strict, and th' Ev'ning Watch is set.

*Queen.* Be you his Nurse, *Cleora*, teach him how,
He should to Heav'n with early homage bow;
Teach him to sooth the Empress, and to be,
A pretty supplyant for himself and me.

[*Exeunt several ways, the* Queen *still turning her Eyes towards her Son, and weeping.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Mustapha, Zanger, Attendants.

*Must.* Sure, my dear *Zanger*, those who heretofore,
The envy'd Crown of this Great Empire wore;
Nere knew the charms which Friendship do attend;
Or in a Brother never had a Friend;
Since he who Friendships sacred power has known,
Rather than kill a Friend, would lose a Throne:
Your Friendship at so just a rate I prize,
As I for that this Empire can despise.

*Zang.* That jealous care which on this Throne attends,
Thinks those too great who merit to be Friends;
None but an equal should in Friendship share,
And *Sultans* of their equals jealous are:
They think the proof of wisdom is distrust,
And then believe, what ere is safe is just;
Their fatal maximes made our *Sultans* still
As soon as they were Crown'd, their Brothers kill.

*Must.* How can that wisdom in our *Sultans* be,
Which of it self is fear and cruelty?
If titles change th' intention of the Fact,
Then justice weighs the Actor not the Act;
And who would not a Monarchy refuse,
When, to gain pow'r, he must his nature lose?
The vertue of that man was never strong,
Who fear'd not more to do then suffer wrong.
By our great Prophet solemnly I swear,
If I the Turkish Crown do ever wear,
Our bloody custom I will overthrow;
That debt I both to you and justice owe.

*Zang.* And here I vow by all that's good and high,
I'le not out-live the day in which you die;
This which my friendship makes me promise now,
My grief will then enable me to do.

*Must.* My vow is seal'd.

*Zang.* Mine Friendship shall make good. [*They embrace.*

*Must.* Friendship's a stronger tye than that of blood.

*Enter* Haly.

*Haly.* Sir, the *Divan* in secret Council sit;
The *Sultan* to their Judgment does remit
The Summons or Assault of this proud Town,
Or to demand the Infant with his Crown.

*Zang.* If the *Divan* may of this Realm dispose,
Th' *Hungarians* will have scarce enough to lose.

*Must.* Councils dare do worse than their Monarchs dare,
For where in evil many bear a share,
They hardly count, when they divide the guilt,
A drop for each, though streams of blood were spilt. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Roxolana *with her Train*, Cleora, Thuricus *with the young* King, *and a Casket of Jewels.*

*Rox.* She thinks that my compassion may be bought
You had the King without these Jewels brought,

If she had held me worthy to have shown,
That I without reward could save a Crown:
She does at once what generous seems and low,
What her trust builds, her gifts do overthrow.
Bear back the remnants of her ruin'd State,
And leave the Infant to expect his Fate.

*Thur.* Great *Roxolana* cannot but excuse
Those errours which our Queens respects produce;
She makes for her offence no ill amends,
When she dares trust that Vertue she offends;
Nor has she cause that errour to deplore,
Which gives you power to shew your mercy more.
'Tis not below your fame, nor yet your state,
To pardon faults your Glory does create;
For if your Glory had been less sublime,
You could not take her Present for a crime.
These glist'ring Ornaments of Regal State,
Become the Prosp'rous, not th' Unfortunate.
Ah! to her errour, Madam, be more kind;
The wrong she meant not, she the trust design'd.

*Rox.* What I resolve, I change not through mistake;
Leave here your King, but bear your Presents back.

*Cleora.* This answer makes us both rejoyce and mourn;
The greater gift you keep, the less return;
Yet your protection cannot be deny'd:
Honour and mercy ever were ally'd.

[*Exeunt* Thurlow, Cleora, Roxolana,
*Lady carries away the Infant.*

*Enter* Zarma.

*Zarm.* From the *Divan*, *Rustan* is hither sent,
Who humbly begs t' attend you in your Tent.

*Rox.* Admit him; this must of importance be; [*Exit* Zarma.
He is a Cloud between the Sun and me.

*Achm.* Your beams exhal'd what they may soon dispel;
He'll shrink in lesser time then he did swell.

*Rox.* He's now the *Sultans*, but I rais'd him first,
And poyson'd him with power to make him burst.

*Enter* Haly, *Rustan*.

*Rust.* From the *Divan*, Great Empress, I am come;
They have pronounc'd the Royal Infants doom;
And now their Mutes at your Pavilion Gate,
For execution on your pleasure wait.

*Rox.* Can they contest with what they should despise?
Or are they in such want of Enemies,
As to pursue an Infant to my Tent?

*Rust.* 'Tis said that he is here for refuge sent.

*Rox.* Design of refuge sanctifies this place:
Weakeness pursu'd, shews strong pursuers base;
The priviledge of refuge I'll maintain,
And they not breaking it will honour gain.

*Rust.* States may by honour lose, if they comply
With mischiefs, because weak, to whom they flye;
They root up Infant Danger when it springs;
None can fore-tell the height of growing Kings.

*Rox.* The grave *Divan* in ruining their Foes,
Are not concern'd when they may honour lose;

Because

Because it most reflects on future fame,
But they seek present safety though with shame.
Great *Solyman*, who has for honour fought,
Does wisely prize what with his blood he bought;
And what he values, I must value too;
Doing like him, how can I better do?
But the *Divan* and I shall vainly strive,
Since from the *Sultan* they that power derive;
By which for bloody int'rest they contend,
And by his power, my honour I defend.

*Rust.* Your beauty keeps all humane pow'r in awe!
What can resist it, but our Prophets Law?
The wise *Divan*, arm'd with Religious force,
Contests not with your pow'r, but your remorse.

*Rox.* Religion now does many faces bear,
And all resemble those, who Copy her;
You States-men in your own resemblance draw
Her shape, by which you keep the World in awe.

*Rust.* Fair Empress, when Religion does oppose
What custom plants, or in our nature grows;
We are incens'd, and yet we then forbear,
T'accuse the Law, but tax th' Interpreter;
As men refrain to quarrel with the strong,
But wrongs pretend from those whom they may wrong;
Our Law offends them by their own mistake,
Whilst what is merciful, they cruel make:
This Infants blood will quench the flames of War;
Millions of lives we by his dying spare.

*Rox.* But can Religion with such ill dispence
As harm prevents, by harming innocence?

*Rust.* Shall true Religion (which must still declare
Against all false Religions open War)
Be less provided for offence then those,
Who practice policy as well as blows?

*Rox.* *Rustan*, I did not think Camps could have bred
One, whose Religion might in Temples plead
For all that Heav'n enjoyns, and Hell resists;
*Rustan* might lead an Army made of Priests.

*Rust.* They fight for th' other World, and yield up this;
Would I could lead them all to Paradise;
But Madam, the *Hungarian* Child, to save
Contesting Armies from a publick grave,
Should dye, if with his death you would dispence.

*Rox.* I have pity of his innocence.

*Rust.* His early dying may his Soul prefer
To th' other World, and may secure us here.
Those Madam, may rejoyce who upward go,
And ought to pity us who stay below.

*Rox.* Ah *Rustan*! you by soaring Vertue reach,
Those heights of which our Priests can only Preach;
My pity you correct, and then destroy
In pleading what the dead, by death enjoy;
And now, to show I prize what you esteem,
Call in my Mutes and bid them strangle him. [Printing to Rustan.

*Rust.* 'Tis much to say it, can you mean it too? [Exit Mitza.

*Rox.* I'le not dissemble as you *Vizier* [illegible] [Enter Mitza and the Mutes.

A *Viziers* power is but subordinate,
He's but the chief dissembler of the State;
And oft for publick int'rest lies; but I,
The partner of Supreme Authority,
Do ever mean the utmost that I say;
Dispatch, he's such a Saint as needs not pray.

*Haly.* Hold, hold.

*Rex.* How *Haly*, by command from you?

*Haly.* 'Tis but for leave that I may humbly sue.
I can less doubt the justice of your will,
Then that you here have privilege to kill;
The greatness of his crime none will suspect,
Because he came t' invade, what you protect;
But for that height of trespass let him live,
Lest you should seem unable to forgive.

*Achm.* You only mortal pow'r by killing show;
But by forgiving it does Heavnly grow:
Th' Offender more your frowns, then dying fears.

*Rust.* To me your anger, worse then death appears.

*Rex.* Live, since my wrath does fear of death transcend,
Live to continue, what thy death will end.

*Exit* Rustan *bowing low.* *Exeunt Mutes another way.*

*Haly.* He's gone to study what revenge can do;
But *Madam*, 'tis more life for us that you
Have left a *Vizier* living to complain,
Then that the *Sultan* should have found him slain.

*Rex.* Can you your safety doubt whilst you are mine?

*Achm.* You and the Sun warm all things where you shine.

*Haly.* Some flowers seem more then others to rely
On the Suns favour, such as with his Eye
Open and shut, and with his Noon grow strong,
We like to those may flourish, but not long.

*Achm.* The *Sultan* will not chide your violence,
But make our knowing of it an offence;
And we shall certain be of punishment,
For knowing that which we could not prevent.

*Haly.* He'l on your errours winke, as on his own,
And think them punish'd in but being known.

*Soly.* Sultan Soliman.

*Achm.* Our storm's already coming, would were past!

*Haly.* Before it falls, let us to shelter hast.

*Exeunt Achmat, Haly.*

*Soly.* We in our Camp want pow'r to check your will,
And your Pavilion is your Cittadil;
Which you with Dwarfs, and Mutes, and Eunuchs, stuff,
To hold out siege against the whole World, and may
This wonder I am told, if it be true,
We must leave *Buda* to be leaguer you.

*Rex.* I thought in gaining you, I gain'd the Field,
And therefore would not to your Subjects yield.

*Soly.* Fortune does blush at the bold minds of those,
Who, what is long in gaining, ruddy lose.

*Rex.* Your *Vizier* is a most impatient man,
He cannot suffer wrong without complaint.

*Soly.* You would be terrible, if you could want.

*Rex.* I'le put dissemble as you do your

Can

Can you, when sullen grown, be chearful made
With no less sport than death in masquerade?
My *Vizier*, on whose office I rely,
Whose pow'r should adverse Nations terrifie;
You, for your Eunuchs, and your Dwarfs delight,
To try his Valour, with Death's vizard fright.
*Rox.* Had you not taught me, I had never known
All Pow'r to be Phantastick, but your own.
*Soly.* I'll teach you now that Death's a serious thing,
Call for your Mutes, and for your little King.
*Rox.* What is your meaning, *Sultan*? *Zarma* stay!
*Soly.* Ha! Is she doubtful whom she should obey?
*Rox.* You rule enough, ruling the world and me;
Pray let my Women, my own Subjects be.
*Soly.* Your Subjects are not safe obeying you:
They'l make my Mutes do more than yours should do.
*Rox.* Your looks are chang'd, and many dangers there
Assemble like black Clouds when storms are near:
Ah *Sultan!* what should *Roxolana* do,
If, like your looks, your heart were alter'd too?
Is it your pleasure that my Women bring,
For your Diversion, Sir, the Infant King?
*Soly.* Your question breeds delay, let him be brought.
Your Women sure are Mutes, and only taught
To know your signs for what they should not do;
I'll send my Mutes instruct them when to go.
*Rox.* Alas, their fear did make them loth to move:
They fear your anger, but I trust your love.

{ *The Women run out.*

*Enter the Women with the young King.*

*Soly.* Is this the thing that you would keep alive?
For whom the Cross does with the Cressent strive;
Nay, bring him near, his motion has a grace;
And I perceive a promise in his face,
That he'l perform what he declares in show,
If destiny will give him leave to grow;
His eyes do with a different lustre move,
They threaten veng'ance, and they promise love.
*Rox.* Pray look, methinks his features are not ill----
But cruel *Sultan*, thinks I have no skill----
Poor Infant, none dare speak in thy defence,
And thou want'st words to plead thy innocence.
*Soly.* You are too fond, be tender of your own:
They'l quit his company to get his Crown;
If this seem strange I'll put you out of doubt;
*Zarma* go call my Mutes, they wait without.
*Rox.* Stay! *Zarma* stay! If this, Sir, be your doom,
Send me too where the cruel never come;
I'll bind him to me with my Arms and Hair,
Then try, Sir, if your Mutes or Viziers dare
Enforce him from the refuge of my breast.
*Soly.* Though with strange valour you are now possest,
Yet surely, Empress, the *Divan*, and I,
May charge with the most desp'rate Enemy:

Your heart will yield after this raging fit,
*Rox.* It may e're long, when you have broken it. [*Weeps.*
*Soly.* Come, come! my Mutes, ending an Infants life,
Which seems but new begun, will end our strife.
*Rox.* The light of this new kindl'd life shall shine,
Till those who put it out extinguish mine;
Your Mutes may tremble and your Viziers too,
Knowing what I have done, and still dare do.
*Soly.* You will not sure with them and me contend.
*Rox.* Against th' opposing world I will defend
The life which in protection I receive;
*Sultan* I'll do't---If you will give me leave--- [*Weeps.*
*Soly.* You, *Roxolana*, are the Conqueror.
What storm is not allay'd by such a showre?
I only try'd whether your Vertue were
Above my anger, and your sexes fear:
Since over both it does so nobly rise,
It shall be more triumphant than your eyes.
*Rox.* By yielding you prevail, and your remorse
Gains more than other Victors get by force.
*Soly.* Your showre of Tears will make my Laurels spring,
And growth does promise to this Infant King;
He shall applaud your gentle Victory,
For your remorse saves him and Conquers me.

*Exeunt. The young King, being led out between* Solyman *and* Roxolana.

THE

# THE SECOND ACT.

*Enter* Roxolana, Zanger, Haly, Zatma, Achmat, and *Attendants*.

*Achmat.* THree Christian Ladies, whose soon Beauty
Wait for admittance to the Imperial Queen.

*Rox.* Sure they are sent from the Hungarian Queen.
Her fears have made her restless: bring them in.
*Zanger*, your looks must now serene appear,
*Ruſtan* must find no more foul weather here:
He has endeavour'd to deserve his grace,
Therefore your frowns must with no anger scale.

*Zang.* The Vizier gains so much of your esteem,
That I e're long may wish good looks from him.

*Rox.* Your virtue has a power to conquer more,
It Conquers where it but Protection sues;
For it does Conquer, whilst it does submit.

*Enter the Queen of Hungaria, and two Ladies attending her.*

*Queen.* Madam, your favours have so great been,
And so obliging to th' *Hungarian* Queen,
(Still rising like your vertue and your power)
That she does find the sense of it is more
Than she dares trust another to expresse,
Therefore is now her own Embassadress.
That high Compassion, Madam, by which you
The Infant sav'd, has brought the Mother too,
As the afflicted with Devotion run
To Altars, where great Miracles are done.

*Rox.* In this you trust my vertue, not my power,
And whilst you are oblig'd, oblige me more.

*Queen.* Those who at Altars blessings crave may bring
There where they begging come, an offering;
Which if they offer, no, not half their fill
For what they then implore, were ill.
But, Madam, I shall now a Present make
Of what I ought to give, and you may take
*Buda*, for your acceptance, Madam, waits
Your vertue, by a Charm unlocks her Gates,
*Buda* will bow to you, though it the pow'r
Proudly withstood of every Conqu'ring Lover.

*Rux.* Whilst thus you strive to make my vertue known,
Madam, you show a greater of your own;
And what I do, you show
As makes the recompence the Deed exceed;
Ye but a little vertue were in me,
Trusting a Kingdom, where I trust a King;
Pardon me, Madam, if I come to you,
As all to Altars do, who soon
Hoping they might obtain
For what they then
Give an Infant King whose
And of a Town believ'd, a
But you adopting him before a
And give a Kingdom when you
The Sultan may his
You by your single vi
That I e're long may wish good looks from him.

*Rox.* Your vertue has a power to conquer more,
It Conquers where it but Protection sues;
For it does Conquer, whilst it does submit.

*Enter the Queen of Hungaria, and two Ladies attending her.*

*Queen.* Madam, your favours have so great been,
Can boast they Roxolana did subdue,
And that your triumph may
You in this very Camp have
But you are now my Guest,
Till you at least believe that I'll
What you with more than
Madam, I know you long
*Zanger*, attend the Queen, and let her duty
By finding your reprieve, attest
*Rox.* In this you trust my vertue, not my power,
And whilst you are oblig'd, oblige me more.

*Queen.* Those who at Altars blessings crave may bring
There where they begging come, an offering;
Which if they offer, no, not half their fill
For what they then implore, were ill.
But, Madam, I shall now a Present make
Of what I ought to give, and you may take
They are but Clouds, her beauty
*Buda*, for your acceptance, Madam, waits
Great Fav'rites seldom their
Revenge blows not their
Your vertue, by a Charm unlocks her Gates,
*Buda* will bow to you, though it the pow'r
She'l be revenge'd that you
Proudly withstood of every Conqu'ring
*Ruſt.* 'Twill her least
By force ne're aw'd, nor
She with the wind and
*Buda*, the Virgin Town, which has
*Zang.* Now with that
(When every Victor courted her to yield)
Swell up her Sails with
The Mistress of the Master of the Field.
*Ruſt.* Those are low
Such common
She must be tempted with a
Since Conquests bring such beauties to distress
Methinks my Mother should more tender
I must engage her by some
*Haly.* You feel that pity, Sir, which
In which her
*Queen.* I to your vertue now
The Great can never love,
Of what the *Sultans* power could never take,
For that which Love allows,

So

So much your powerful virtue does oblige,
That it does take what he can but besiege.

*Rox.* Whilst thus you strive to make my virtue known,
Madam, you show a greater of your own;
And what I did, you now deward so well,
As makes the recompence the Deed excel;
Yet but a little virtue were in me,
If I should now let yours, your ruine be.

*Queen.* How can my gratitude my ruine bring,
Trusting a Kingdom, where I trust a King?
Pardon me, Madam, if I come to you,
As all to Altars with self-interest do;
Hoping they mighty blessings shall receive,
For what they there in little offerings give:
I give an Infant King whom all forsake,
And of a Town besieg'd, a Prescot make;
But you adopting him restore a Crown,
And give a Kingdom when you take a Town.
The *Sultan* may his Armies valour spare,
You by your single virtue end the War.

*Rox.* Your virtue has a greater wonder wrought;
It Conquers where it but Protection sought;
Above this height, Honour can never get,
For it does Conquer, whilst it does submit.
Madam, 'tis only *Solyman* and you
Can boast they *Roxolana* did subdue;
And that your triumph may the more appear,
You in this very Camp have Conquer'd her:
But you are now my Guest, and you shall stay,
Till you at least believe that I'll repay
What you with more than gratitude have done!
Madam, I know you long to see your Son.
*Zanger*, attend the Queen, and let her be,
By finding your respects, assur'd of me.

[*Exeunt several ways, Zanger leading out the Queen.*

*Enter* Rustan, Pyrrhus.

*Rustan.* She o're his heart still more victorious grows,
And faster Conquers him, than he his Foes.

*Pyrrh.* Your dark designs are all in vapour gone,
They are but Clouds, her beauty is the Sun,
Great Fav'rites seldom their resentments hide;
Revenge shows not their anger, but their pride;
She'l be reveng'd that you her power may see.

*Rust.* 'Twill her least mischief seem to ruine me:
She with the wind and tide of favour flows.

*Pyrrh.* Row with that stream which strength cannot oppose:
Swell up her Sails with praise and flattery.

*Rust.* Those are low Courtships for a Soul so high;
Such common fawning she'l despise or hate,
She must be tempted with a subtler bait:
I must engage her by some bold design,
In which her Int'rest with great crimes may joyn:
The Great can never love, because too high
For that which Love allows, equality;

But

But they to thoſe they fear will favour ſhow,
And they fear thoſe, who their great miſchiefs know.
Knowing her guilt, I may her favour find:
Guilt next to Love, above all ties does bind:
Her heightn'd mind and nature much diſdain,
That *Muſtapha* ſhould over *Zanger* raign;
I can aſſault her only on that ſide,
Making her virtue vaſſal to her pride.

*Pyrrh.* Advance, Sir, this deſign e're ſhe can know,
What for her ſake you have begun to do;
Honour or craft may make her elſe to ſhun
The ſin deſign'd, which ſhe'll applaud when done.

*Ruſt.* And, *Pyrrhus*, 'twere no little mark of ſkill
To make her think, when I oppos'd her will,
'Twas only that I might the *Sultan* blind,
More ſafely to effect what I deſign'd;
My faults to her ſhall ſuch deſerts appear,
As ſhe ſhall thank me that I injur'd her.

*Pyrrh.* If ſhe diſcerns you not through your diſguiſe,
She who has caught the *Sultan* is your prize.

*Ruſt.* I ſhould her Friendſhip with, were Friendſhip more
Than a meer name 'twixt thoſe who covet power;
You ſhall but Eccho what I have begun,
To make the Father jealous of the Son.
I with the *Sultan* durſt at firſt proceed,
Only ſo far as might attention breed;
Laſt night ſome words I artfully did ſay,
From Fame, not from my ſelf, of *Muſtapha*,
Which might the *Sultan*'s jealous anger raiſe,
Not words of accuſation, but of praiſe:
For nothing can old Monarchs more offend,
Than when their Succeſſors we much commend:
I quickly found that he was loth to hear,
Therefore by pauſe and parcel in his ear,
Did civilly that poyſon, Praiſe, infuſe,
As men unwilling ſeem to tell ill news.

*Pyrrh.* His firſt Diſeaſe is fixt, what can remove
The Jealouſie of Empire, or of Love?

*Ruſt.* Now I that fatal ſeed have ſown, 'tis fit
That I attend on time to ripen it.

*Pyrrh.* When fancy to that fruitful weed does give
But any root, 'twill grow whilſt it does live.

*Enter* Zanger, *and* Achmat, *at diſtance from him.*

*Zang.* Warm me, and quench me, for I freeze and burn,
And at one object both rejoyce and mourn:
What mean'ſt thou Nature, is it bad or good,
Which makes this *April*-weather in my blood?

*Achm.* I fear he has with too much paſſion ſeen
The charming eyes of the *Hungarian* Queen;
I ſaw him gaze on her with ſuch review,
As if he fear'd the object were not true:
So miracles are ſeen by faithleſs men,
Who ſtay and fain would ſee them o're again.

*Zang.* Oh *Achmat*! ſomething does my heart purſue:

I wander from my self, and fly from you.

*Achm.* This, Sir, seems one of Loves great extasies.

*Zang.* I would I knew what 'tis not, or what 'tis;
Love to my breast hath still a stranger been;
And yet that stranger may be gotten in.

*Achm.* Ah Prince! the secret passage of Loves flight
Is as unseen by day, as 'tis by night.
Though *Buda* should her Walls like Mountains rear,
And *Solyman* could never enter there,
No not with armed Crowds the Out-works win,
Yet Love un-arm'd would by surprize get in.

*Zang.* Love is a god, and cannot be withstood.

*Achm.* Yet he's a god only to flesh and blood:
For those whose Souls are active and sublime,
Resist his power, and so prove gods to him.

*Zang.* Ah! talk not of resistance of his force,
Whom nothing Conquers but his own remorse:
I rather would, if e're he conquer'd you,
Be told how first he did your heart subdue.

*Achm.* As quietly as day does vanquish night,
I heard no noise, but saw resistless light.

*Zang.* He does, alas! with quiet force begin,
But Oh! What does he do, when enter'd in?

*Achm.* My waking thoughts I still for dreams did take,
And whilst I dreamt, I thought I was awake:
With equal view, in darkness as in light,
*Ciara*'s image entertain'd my sight;
If she was absent, sorrow made me pale;
If she appear'd, then blushes did prevail:
What her concern'd, did me more neerly touch.

*Zang.* I know too little, and I hear too much:
Oh, *Achmat*! cease and instantly retire,
Your words are more than fuel to my fire. [*Exeunt several ways.*

*Enter* Solyman, *followed at distance by* Rustan, Pyrrhus.

*Soly.* *Rustan* does know much more than I dare hear:
Can I a Monster breed, which I can fear?
I find suspition a sufficient pain,
Fear is a torment which I should disdain:
He robs my heart of all the Calms of rest:
I'le tear the dire Usurper from my breast;
*Rustan* is full of try'd integrity,
And servants often, more than Parents see.

*Pyrrh.* He has more thoughts than he has skill to use.

*Rust.* The poyson of my whisper does infuse.
Oh cursed Court! where not to be the most
In sight and eminent, is to be lost;
Where still the weary by false steps must climb,
And yet their falling is esteem'd a crime.

*Soly.* *Rustan*, my privacy you now invade,

*Rust.* Sir, it is self-invasion to be sad.

*Soly.* Have you a Cure? you brought the malady;
I say you brought it.

*Rust.* Heav'n defend me! I?

*Soly.* Do you suspect the truth of what I said?

Rust.

*Ruſt.* Would I had been unborn, or worſe than dead,
Rather than e're have caus'd a grief in you,
To whom the comforts of both worlds are due.
*Soly.* You talk'd to me, and took my ſleep away.
*Ruſt.* Could I in words, too much my duty pay?
'Twere better I ſhould periſh in deſpair,
Then you ſhould grieve one moment.
*Soly.* So it were.
*Ruſt.* Sir, you but heard what I was bound to ſay.
*Soly.* What was it that you ſpake of *Muſtapha*?
*Ruſt.* I did with joy acquaint you, that your Son
Nobly the hearts of all your Army won:
Your dreaded anger I had juſtly rais'd,
If I your deareſt pledge had falſly prais'd,
To ſooth you with fictitious flattery;
But *Pyrrhus* knows it true, as well as I.
*Pyrrh.* 'Tis true, that he is generous and good;
He will ſucceed by virtue, as by blood.
*Ruſt.* This, Sir, ſhould cauſe your joy, and not your grief.
*Soly.* Canſt thou believe my pain will find relief
In that which ſhows the juſtice of my fears?
Did I in Winter Camps ſpend forty years;
Out-wear the Weather, and out-face the Sun,
When the Wild-Herds did to their Coverts run;
Out-watch the Jealous, and the Lunatick,
Out-faſt the Penitential, and the Sick;
Out-wait long Patience, and out-ſuffer Fear,
Out-march the Pilgrim, and the Wanderer:
And there, where laſt years Ice was not unthaw'd,
(When in thick Furs, Bears durſt not look abroad)
I with cold Armour cover'd, did maintain
Life againſt ſhowrs of Arrows, and of Rain?
Have I made Towns immur'd with Mountains yield;
Sent haughty Nations bluſhing from the Field?
And muſt I, at one caſt, all that forego,
For which ſo oft I deſperately did throw?
They ſteal my Laurels to adorn my Son;
Who can but dream of Fields that I have won?

[*Enter* Roxolane.

*Rox.* What valiant power can be ſecure from fear
When, *Sultan*, we your voice of anger hear?
Who dares that anger raiſe, and hope to live?
*Soly.* If *Muſtapha* uſurps, ſhall I forgive?
*Rox.* He is your Son, and is your eldeſt too;
And may ſhow faults, which others muſt not do:
Nature will tell you, Sir, how far in him
You ought to pardon any gallant crime.
*Soly.* Nature may yield when I my power out-live;
For when I cannot puniſh, I forgive.
*Rox.* His youth, Sir, has not only time to mend,
But has ſome licenſe alſo to offend;
And ſince too apt for errours being young,
Some may advantage take to do him wrong;
And, whilſt they jealous of your glory ſeem,
Aſſume a priviledge to darken him.
*Soly.* He Courts my Armies to uſurp their love.

*Rox.*

*Rox.* Can that your jealousie to anger move?
Their love you purchas'd when you bravely fought,
Let him inherit what for him you bought;
They show their love to you in loving him.

*Soly.* They, loving him too soon, make love a crime:
He knows by study of Usurpers Arts,
That he commands their hands who gains their hearts:
Him whom they love, they still most worthy deem.

*Rox.* You have more pow'r o're him, than he o're them;
He will confine that pow'r which love does get.

*Soly.* Pow'r never to it self could limits set;
It never thinks it lives, but whilst it grows,
And what it can perform, it ever does.

*Rust.* Our *Sultans* have their ripe Successours sent
To some remote and quiet Government;
Why since that rule is safe and ancient too,
Should it for *Mustapha* be broke by you?

*Soly.* I did it out of tender care to breed
His youth, and make him worthy to succeed.

*Rust.* But if, when popular, he does expects
A slow requital of your tenderness;
Which Heav'n forbid, then you may soon remove
His person, till you can reclaim his love.

*Rox.* Sure, *Rustan*, you with too much vigilance,
Turn to design and purpose, things of chance;
And, over-watchful with the eyes of fear,
Draw little objects, from wide distance, near;
And see them double, whilst you seem to make
All that, which is your malice, your mistake;
But do not falsly, as a Spy, prevail,
Because a Son may in his duty fail.

*Rust.* Madam, I cannot over-watchful be
In what concerns the *Sultan* more than me:
I humbly take the priviledge to say,
That you connive too much at *Mustapha*,
And have of late been slow and negligent,
In what your care could not too soon prevent:
And, Madam, this perhaps you wisely do,
T'avoid report, grown publick, though not true;
VVhich is, that with a Byas still you run
To follow *Zanger*, your neglected Son.

*Soly.* No more, these are the rising mists that make
Those stormy winds, that keep me still awake!

[*Exit* Solyman.

*Rox.* *Rustan*, you must by fresh intelligence
Charge *Mustapha*, and with some new offence.

*Rust.* Madam, I am engag'd past all retreat.

*Rox.* Go and attend me when the VVatch is set:

[*Exeunt* Rustan, Pyrrhus.

These little Arts great Nature will forgive:
Dye *Mustapha*, else *Zanger* cannot live!
Pardon, oh *Solyman*, thy troubl'd VVife;
VVho must her duty lose, to save a Life;
A Husband venture to preserve a Son;
Oh! that's the fatal rock that I would shun;

For

For *Solyman* muſt *Muſtapha* deprive,
Of that lov'd Life, by which himſelf does live:
And *Muſtapha*, to his untimely grave
Muſt haſten, that his death may *Zanger* ſave.
Oh cruel Empire! that does thus ordain
Of Royal Race the youngeſt to be ſlain,
That ſo the eldeſt may ſecurely Reign;
Making th' Imperial Mother ever mourn,
For all her Infants in ſucceſſion born:
Excuſe, oh Nature, what by me is done,
If it be cruel to preſerve a Son! [*Exit.*

*Enter* Muſtapha, Zanger.

*Muſt.* If it be Love, and you againſt it ſtrive,
Then greater ſtrength you to your torment give.
Love may all hearts under his Empire bring,
Since to reſiſt, and yield, is the ſame thing.
Ev'n Reaſons power is uſeleſs againſt Love,
For when he enters, reaſon does remove;
And from your force of anger he is free,
Since none with what they love can angry be:
In vain you this unequal War abide,
When all your aids turn to your Conqu'rours ſide.
*Zang.* I do not, Sir, to Love, but grief ſubmit.
*Muſt.* Your grief I know not, yet I ſhare in it:
A friend is griefs Phyſitian, and may heal
Your pain, if you the cauſe of it reveal;
But you, by hiding that which ſhould be known,
Give me a torment greater than your own;
And do ev'n worſe then when you ſhun relief;
For you kill him who comes to cure your grief.
*Zang.* Ah Prince! ſince I the weight of grief deplore,
You are unkind in loading me with more.
*Muſt.* But you tranſgreſs againſt all Friendſhips Laws,
Shewing effects, when you conceal the cauſe;
When thoſe you cannot hide, theſe ſhould be told;
Thoſe ſhow themſelves, but you muſt theſe unfold.
*Zang.* Your Enemy much rather than your Friend,
Shou'd tell you griefs which you can never end.
*Muſt.* Friendſhip will nothing like reſerves endure,
But loves to ſhare in griefs it cannot cure.
*Zang.* Then will I throw my vain defence away,
And, though obedience uſeleſs be, obey.
You know what by my Mother has been done
For the *Hungarian* Queens abandon'd Son.
*Muſt.* Yes, and the Deed was for her greateſt fit.
*Zang.* The Queen her ſelf is come t' acknowledge it:
And that her gratitude may clearer ſhine,
She does ſtrong *Buda*, as a gift reſign.
*Muſt.* They may, by vertue urg'd, for honour ſtrive;
But why ſhould this make Noble *Zanger* grieve?
*Zang.* Can fate bring greater grief to me or you
Then now, when the ſubdu'd do us ſubdue?
We have by Arms th' *Hungarian* Kingdom won,
And by their Queen in honour are out-done:

A Crown resign'd my Mother ought to quit,
Since she by keeping does not merit it:
Can you my sorrow for my Mother blame,
Who now must lessen in her Pow'r or Fame?
*Must.* In such a choice she cannot chuse amiss;
But, *Zanger*, there is in it more then this.
*Zang.* Ah Prince! much more indeed, for had you seen
The griefs and beauties of the Christian Queen,
You would have felt the trouble which I had;
These did to pity, those to love perswade;
They help'd each other to perform their part,
Grief softn'd, and her beauty seal'd my heart;
Through all her blacks the lustre of her eyes
Shew'd like the Sun when it from night does rise:
But I want words for what I should commend.
*Must.* How soon from liking we to love ascend!
*Zang.* When she her Royal Infant did embrace,
Her Eyes such floods of Tears showr'd on her face,
That then, oh *Mustapha*! I did admire
How so much Water sprang from so much Fire:
And to increase the miracle, I found
At the same time my heart both burnt and drown'd.
*Must.* What you have told, seems miracles to me.
*Zang.* You will see greater when the Queen you see.
*Must.* To me no miracle can greater prove
Then seeing Friendships right resign'd to love:
Your Heart once lost your Friendship too must end.
*Zang.* Sure I may have a Mistress and a Friend.
The Soul, dear *Mustapha*, is Friendships part,
And Love for his does challenge but the heart?
*Must.* That's a distinction made by cozz'ning Art;
Can I your Friendship have, and not your Heart?
Such Lovers Logick is too low for you;
What love a Captive, and a Christian too?
*Zang.* How ill the name of Captive does befit
A mind that conquers when it does submit?
Her abject fate who would not undergo
That she might Vertue in such Triumph show?
*Must.* Though Friendship in may just perswasion fail,
Yet, *Zanger*, your Religion should prevail.
*Zanger.* Since Nature no Religion knows but Love,
He that loves most, does most Religious prove:
Religions true design in Love consists,
Heav'n owns not that which States-men teach our Priests.
I love, but when I on the Queen reflect,
The cause will more then justifie th' effect.
*Must.* By seeing of your shipwrack I'll grow wise.
*Zang.* How can I shipwrack't be on Paradise?
*Must.* Something in your concern I hope to do:
Farewel; I must condemn and love you too. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter

*Enter the* Cardinal *with Papers in his hand,* Viche, *and an* Hungarian *Gentleman.*

*Card.* This for the Governour with your first speed,
This for Count *Urick*, this for *Ulisinshed*,
These are the Bills which will be paid at sight.
*Gent.* Is it your pleasure I return at night?
*Card.* You must, and learn who of the Garrison
Form'd the revolt: be careful, and be gone. [*Exit Gentleman.*
*Viche.* Fortune's before you wherefoe're you come;
You'l happy be ev'n out of Christendom.
*Card.* I shall be, if she end as she begun.
*Viche.* You are for *Roxolana*'s darling Son.
The glorious *Zanger* has a Message sent,
Which says, he means to find you in your Tent;
He whom our Queens bright beauty did surprize.
*Card.* A Lover speaks at first but with his eyes;
But if he now hath found his tongue, he'l say
Something which I perhaps am to convey.
*Viche.* Their happy interview may raise us all:
Men may look up who to the bottom fall.
*Card.* My Lord, his visit seems design'd in haste,
And to receive him I'll prepare as fast.
You must not go to *Buda*; you shall stay
And wait for our success: the Myrtle may
(Which does a forward Spring already show)
Even in a Camp where all things wither, grow.
In fames records 'twill no great wonder prove,
If we, who fell by hatred, rise by love. [*Exeunt several ways.*

*Enter* Mustapha *and the* Queen.

*Must.* Madam, your fortune would malicious be,
And make your beauty your worst Enemy;
I know with reason, Madam, you depend
On *Roxolana*, as your potent Friend;
But whilst she labours to restore your Throne,
Your beauty makes a Captive of her Son;
When she does that unhappy Conquest know,
Your kind Protectress will become your Foe:
Whilst fate against your beauty does conspire,
I grieve at the perfection I admire.
*Queen.* Do not believe, Great Prince, your Brother will
Submit to eyes where grief inhabits still,
To eyes in which there nothing now appears
To move a heart, unless it be their tears;
You but mistake his pity for his love.
*Must.* Thy passion, *Zanger*, why did I reprove? [*Aside.*
Madam, where grief and beauty so excel,
Pity and love may both together dwell;
They both are but his duties sacrifice,
This to your fate is due, that to your eyes.
*Queen.* Your Vertue which does thus my fate lament,
May all the malice of that fate prevent;
Conqu'ring a fortune so perverse as mine,
Will make you brighter than in Battel shine.

*Must.*

*Muſt.* Oh Heav'n! I feel my own ſubjection near,
Even then when ſhe would have me reſcue her.
*Queen.* Fortune in this has made her laſt aſſault,
She'd have me bear what is alone her fault,
And make the Empreſs think that I deſign
What cannot be her trouble more than mine.
Believe me, Gen'rous *Muſtapha*, theſe eyes
Which made the laſt *Hungarian* King their prize,
Deſerve more grief than to his Urn they pay,
When they do ought but weep themſelves away.
*Muſt.* Whilſt they ſhin'd out, who could reſiſt their pow'r,
Which, through griefs clouds, crowns you a Conquerour?
*Queen.* Your Brother, when his paſſion ſeeks relief,
May owe his Cure to reaſon and my grief;
It will a blemiſh to his Vertue be,
If he with fortune join to ruine me;
And *Roxolana*'s fame he much neglects,
In making her deſtroy whom ſhe protects.
This you may tell him, Sir; and tell him too,
I had not ſent him Counſel but by you.
*Muſt.* How, Madam, with your Counſel can you truſt
One whom already you have made unjuſt?
For I ſhall give to *Zanger*, for your ſake,
Counſel which I my ſelf can never take.
*Queen.* Were you unjuſt when you did well expreſs
The danger I incurr'd by his addreſs,
And counſell'd me t' adviſe him to refrain
From love, which would his Mothers hatred gain?
The Counſel is not alter'd, but the ſame.
*Muſt.* But I am alter'd ſince I hither came.
*Queen.* It is not fit you ſhould be underſtood,
I know you cannot change from what is good;
My caſe with pity ſhould your heart inſpire.
*Muſt.* Ah! who can pity what he does admire?
Your pity to my caſe is rather due:
How can I give that which I need from you?
Madam, I but in vain ſtrive to conceal
A paſſion which my vanquiſh'd eyes reveal;
Inſtruct me how my ſelf I ſhould reclaim,
Before I *Zanger* for his paſſion blame;
Or rather teach us both how to endure
That wound, which you declare you cannot cure;
And do not truſt our reaſon to ſubdue
A love, which reaſon does invite us to.
*Queen.* Oh Heav'n! in what wild Ocean am I loſt?
The Tempeſt riſes and I ſee no Coaſt.
*Muſt.* *Zanger*, not you, may tax me of a crime;
I came to counſel you from love of him;
But you, when you avoid my love, prevent
All he could wiſh me for a puniſhment;
Your int'reſt brought me here to keep you free
From ſuch a love as might your ruine be;
Let me, when gone, at leaſt your pity have,
Dying for you whom I did come to ſave.
*Queen.* You cannot be ſo cruel as you ſeem:
Why do you break that heart which you eſteem?

Leave

Leave me, you muſt not love, and ſhould not hate
One cruel made by rigour of her fate.
*Muſt.* You ſhould not of your deſtiny complain,
You are depos'd but with more power to reign.
*Queen.* Fate of this little beauty took a care,
Only by that to heighten my deſpair.
Since you reſolve to ſtay, I muſt be gone,
True grief endures not any looker on;
And mine I feel to ſuch a height does riſe,
That 'twill I hope revenge me of my eyes.
*Muſt.* She is as tyrannous as ſhe is fair, [*Exit.*
Born to breed love, and to beget deſpair;
I did lament her fortune, but I ſee
One much more cruel is reſerv'd for me.
Can *Zanger*, for my love, my friendſhip blame,
When the ſame fire does us alike inflame?
My weakneſs cannot forfeit his eſteem,
Since I but yield to that which conquer'd him;
To love whom he firſt lov'd, can be no more
Then if I hate whom he did hate before. [*Exit.*

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## THE THIRD ACT.

*Enter* Muſtapha, Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

*Ruſt.* 'TIS, Sir, the *Sultans* will to have it ſo.
*Muſt.* Tow'rds *Syria*! and to morrow muſt I go?
The order is ſevere, and I am ſent,
Not to a fair retreat, but baniſhment.
My memory is ill if I have done
Ought that ſhould make a Father hate a Son.
*Ruſt.* Great Sir, take heed leſt you his kindneſs blame,
He ſends you not to exile, but to fame;
His *Aſian* Armies will be led by you:
Whilſt he the Weſt, you muſt the Eaſt ſubdue:
Since for high valour and for conduct too,
The publick voice allows that each of you
Is for the ſpacious worlds whole Conqueſt fit,
Why here ſhould both ſubdue but part of it?
*Muſt.* You hold me up too high when I am prais'd,
I like a *Meteor* waſte by being rais'd;
I am already by my Friends undone,
Praiſing the little Battels I have won;
And I the *Perſians* ſhould ſubdue in vain,
Loſing a Father when I *Perſia* gain.
*Pyrrh.* Your Father this diſtemper ſhould approve,
Since you but jealous are of him you love.
*Ruſt.* If his diſpleaſure haſtens you away,
Do not increaſe it by deſire to ſtay;
Or if his jealous love ſent this command,
Yet do not inconvenient love withſtand.
*Pyrrh.* Which way ſoever you conſider it,
You ſhould approve his orders and ſubmit.

*Muſt.* I'm debter to you both; leave me a while
That I may grief and duty reconcile.
*Ruſt.* You'l be defended againſt all offence,
Adding but patience to your innocence.

*Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

*Enter* Zanger *obſerving him.*

*Muſt.* Fortune did never in one day deſign
For any heart, four torments great as mine;
I to my Friend and Brother Rival am;
She, who did kindle, would put out my flame;
I from my Fathers anger muſt remove,
And that does baniſh me from her I love;
If, of theſe Four, the leaſt a burthen be,
Oh how ſhall I ſupport the other three?
*Zang.* Can my dear *Muſtapha* a grief admit,
And not let *Zanger* know the cauſe of it?
*Muſt.* I having *Zangers* Friendſhip how could Fate
Deſtroy my peace but by my Fathers hate?
Time does too long with the afflicted laſt,
But now in my affliction moves too faſt;
To morrow from to day will quickly grow,
And I to morrow muſt tow'rds *Syria* go,
Unleſs your pow'r with *Roxolana* can
Revoke the order ſent by *Solyman.*
*Zang.* Depart to morrow! no, let time run on;
My Mother ſtays, and you are yet not gone.
Sir, are you not of *Zangers* friendſhip ſure?
And can you mourn for ills which he may cure?
But why do you aloud your grief deplore,
When I am ſilent, though I ſuffer more?
If by your foes you are to *Syria* ſent,
You'l there in Armies gain by Baniſhment:
*Perſia*, not you, th' event of this ſhould fear,
Since by that hatred which does ſend you there
You will prevail as Victor of the field;
But Love ſtays me, where like his ſlave I yield.
*Muſt.* The higheſt glory conqueſt can beſtow
I would not purchaſe by my leaving you.
*Zang.* To any Deity, but Love, men come
With open glory to their Martyrdom;
But I muſt periſh and conceal my flame,
As if to be his Martyr were a ſhame.
*Muſt.* Yet no affliction, *Zanger*, can tranſcend
The grief of being baniſh'd from a Friend.
*Zang.* My grief much greater is, whilſt I remain
Near her I love, and am not lov'd again:
Oh my dear *Muſtapha*! when you have ſeen
The Tears and Beauties of th' *Hungarian* Queen;
Her Tears forbidding whom her Eyes invite,
Whileſt ſhe appears the joy and grief of fight;
Whileſt empty hope does riſe but to decline;
Then you will think your ſorrows leſs then mine.
*Muſt.* Alas! you ſaw not more then I did ſee;
She who did conquer you, ha's conquer'd me;

And

And now I may my grief to yours prefer,
Since I am baniſh'd both from you and her.
*Zang.* Ha! did you ſee her, Sir, and ſee her ſo,
That from my friend you did my Rival grow?
You made your viſit in a fatal hour.
*Muſt.* You know her eyes, and can you doubt their power?
In blaming me you will detract from them;
As thoſe who do the conquer'd much condemn,
Do then diſparage him who overcame;
Since all may yield to Worthies without ſhame.
None could her force reſiſt, and how could I
Then chuſe but yield? for none can from her flye.
*Zang.* Though we but ſeldom the ſubdu'd condemn
When we the Victors conduct much eſteem;
Yet they are leſs excus'd if they did know,
From others harms, the forces of the Foe.
*Muſt.* If, *Zanger*, freedom of confeſſion may
The anger due to an offence allay,
Then I acknowledge I my viſit made,
That from your Love I might the Queen diſſwade;
Yet 'twas in fear, leſt whilſt you did purſue
Your Love, your Mother might abandon you:
But if you had beheld that breaking light,
Which like a ſudden dawn ſurpriz'd my ſight,
Love would have ſeem'd 'gainſt friendſhip a leſs ſin,
Then not to love againſt her eyes had been;
I ſtruggl'd much e're I his Fetters wore;
But that reſiſtance ſhow'd her power the more;
And where reſiſtance could not conqueſt ſtay,
It was diſcretion quickly to obey.
*Zang.* Yet we may juſt to one another prove;
You are the Heir to Empire, I to Love;
You as the Eldeſt may the Scepter bear,
You firſt the world did ſee, I firſt ſaw her;
And as I no invaſion would deſign
Againſt your right, ſo you ſhould leave me mine.
*Muſt.* If by meer ſight we may poſſeſſion take,
How vain is that long Love which Lovers make?
None but the ſleepy can their fortune doubt;
Men need but riſe betimes and look about:
But ſhe muſt be by merits claim poſſeſt,
And he who loves her moſt, deſerves her beſt.
*Zang.* Deſerves her! This all injuries exceeds;
Her, by your words you wrong, me by your deeds;
He of her Love unworthy does appear,
Who does but think that he can merit her;
It may of her, ev'n as of Heaven be ſaid,
Which, though attain'd, is never merited;
If loving her can any merit be,
Who is the man that dares contend with me?
*Muſt.* I am the man who ſilence all that boaſt
How much they love; for I love more and moſt;
And will not ſuch a wretched Lover be,
As meerly to depend on courteſie.
He who declares that he no merit has,
Then when he loves, does heedleſly diſgrace

Her whom he thinks he highly does preſer,
By ſaying, that no Love can merit her;
As if her Vertue could not ſoon improve
To her own value all that dare make Love.
Love makes both ſexes equal and but one;
A Cottage-Lover may deſerve a Throne.
Love is, like Valour, ſtill improv'd by praiſe:
And whilſt I thus Love's merit highly raiſe,
I would not the reward of it deſtroy;
The beauty whom I love I muſt enjoy.

*Zang.* Did ever Love aſſume a ſhape like this?
Or Paſſion talk with ſuch an Emphaſis?
Your ſence of Baniſhment does dangerous grow,
It ſends your reaſon from you e're you go.

*Muſt.* *Zanger*, you may my baniſhment approve,
Becauſe my abſence may promote your Love:

*Zang.* Affliction makes men wiſe, but ſeldom vain:
You fear your abſence more than her diſdain.
The Empreſs ſtrait ſtill in your cauſe appear,
And get you Licenſe to continue here;
And ſince you height of Love as merit boaſt,
Make good your claim by daring to love moſt.

*Muſt.* What deſtiny ordain'd me to contend
Againſt ſo brave a Rival and a Friend?
And yet my paſſion I muſt ſtill purſue:
Let Love which makes my fault, excuſe it too. [*Exeunt ſeveral wayes.*

*Enter* Solyman, Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

*Soly.* Were my Commands with ſuch ſurprize receiv'd?

*Pyrrh.* He ſeem'd as much amaz'd as he was griev'd.

*Ruſt.* Wonder and grief did his condition fit,
Though each did ſeem to th' other oppoſite;
Wonder inferr'd he knew not his offence,
But ſo much grief diſgrac'd his innocence.

*Pyrrh.* Yet grieving for a puniſhment from you,
He does but pay that ſorrow which is due.

*Ruſt.* When your diſlike does up to anger climb;
You reach too high for an intended crime;
Such grief as his no fiction could admit.

*Soly.* I may believe he did not counterfeit;
For having on my ſtage begun his part,
I call'd him off e're he could ſhow his Art.

*Ruſt.* Can he who is ſo highly born and bred,
Walk under ground, and be by Traytors led?

*Soly.* From harmleſs Child-hood I with tender care
Did breed him up to all the harms of War;
I taught him, that unguarded innocence
Serv'd but to tempt the powerful to offence;
That none are ſafe from wrongs, but when ſo ſtrong
As alwaies to be able to do wrong;
That only valour is true faith, and thoſe
Do moſt truſt Heav'n who alwaies life expoſe;
I taught him Vertue, and to love her ſo
As tame Philoſophers durſt never do;
Enduring for her ſake the pangs of power,
And all the toyls that make a Conquerour:

For none but Chiefs who firmly those endure,
Can reach such pow'r as may the good secure:
I taught him such a greatness as might be
From all the yokes of Subjects counsel free:
None but our Prophet Empire understood,
Which, when 'tis bounded, ceases to be good;
His Sword did two Usurping Saints devour;
Forbiding ev'n the Saints to share his power:
He blest Heav'ns King who Monarchy first made,
And prais'd him cause he no companion had.
All this I taught my Son; but when we give
Our young Successours counsel how to live,
They are in haste, thinking we do them wrong,
And we their lives mis-spend when we live long.

*Enter* Roxolana.

*Rox.* Forgive me, *Sultan*, if I boldly sue
In Natures cause between your Son and you;
Those orders which to *Mustapha* you sent,
His filial kindness takes for Banishment:
When you your Successours so far remove,
Reason may make him jealous of your Love;
I'le answer for the kindness of his grief,
And you'l want pity if he wants relief.

*Soly.* Alas! 'tis far above a Womans art
To reach the height of an aspiring heart:
He who by craft, my Armies love procures,
Can never want the cunning to gain yours.

*Rox.* Seduce your Armies love! no humane skill
Can do it, and, I hope, he wants the will.

*Soly.* The Nations whom I lead will not seem strange,
If they, like other Nations long for change;
For men of what they have soon weary grow,
When they the utmost value of it know;
And long to change plain things, which they possess,
For that which hope does gild with promise.

*Rox.* Be to your self and to your Army just:
You should their love and your own merit trust:
Prodigious jealousie, how can it shoot
And spring to such a height without a root?

*Soly.* It may a while be hidden from your eye;
For roots are deepest where the trees are high.
*Rustan* and *Pyrrhus* can direct your sight;
But they a Curtain draw before the light.

*Rox.* Perhaps they find what they are loth to see;
Vertue in others may offensive be
To some, who when it is to lustre grown
Are jealous that it may Eclipse their own.
*Sultan*, no Curtain can be drawn so wide,
That it the Sun can from the people hide:
The world is full of *Mustapha*'s renown.

*Rust.* Yet we offend in telling what is known.

*Rox.* You injure him whose vertues you conceal.

*Rust.* We need not shew what does it self reveal.

*Soly.* I tax them not that they his Vertue hide,
But they conceal the danger of his pride:
His race of glory is too soon begun.

*Rox.* None blame the early rising of the Sun,

Nor with for Clouds his luſtre to diſgrace.
*Soly.* But if he ſhines too ſully in my face,
I'le draw a Curtain and his luſtre hide;
His glory ſhall not make me turn aſide.
The ſhining *Muſtapha* muſt change his Sphere;
He threatens me worſe than a Comet here.
*Rox.* Can *Solyman* by thoſe forſaken be
Whom he ſo often led to Victory?
*Soly.* They by the many Rebels I have won,
Think all the ſtock of my ſucceſs is gone:
Though fortune often grac'd me in the field,
And many favours hung upon my ſhield,
Yet now cold looks men to my ſiſter bring,
Whilſt they rejoyce at my Succeſſours ſpring:
Fortune they think is to his youth in debt,
And what ſhe pays to him they hope to get.
*Rox.* Though glory may a while his youth miſ-guide,
Yet he has duty to correct his pride.
Nature does give him counſel againſt this.
*Soly.* Pride is more natural then duty is;
Duty is only taught by care and Art,
Pride is by Nature planted in the heart:
He who to Empire haſtily aſpires,
Is only counſell'd by his own deſires;
And thinks all crimes which help him to a Crown
Are then abſolv'd when he does put it on.
*Rox.* I fear you have diſcover'd more than I
Diſcern'd, who on your judgment muſt rely;
Therefore, in care of you, I beg he may
For a few days have liberty to ſtay:
That licence is to narrow time confin'd:
If he has any publick crime deſign'd,
He muſt by many hands aſſiſted be:
Crouds are inconſtant and want ſecreſie:
If guilty, why ſhould you his death delay?
If innocent, he then may ſafely ſtay:
Your anger ought to kill where it does touch;
His Exile is too little or too much.
*Pyrrh.* When in few days this ſecret ſhall look out,
Puniſh his crime, or elſe ſuppreſs his doubt.
*Ruſt.* Be pleas'd t' allow what th' Empreſs does adviſe,
And ſeem to wink, whilſt we employ our Spies;
Your doubts will juſt appear, or quickly ceaſe,
Excuſe your anger, or reſtore your peace:
Let not the Prince, whilſt thus ſuſpected flie
Beyond the reach and terrour of your eye.
*Soly.* Go, I'le conſider e're I change his doom;
I'le reckon what is paſt, and what may come. { *Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.
Oh *Roxolana!* Fate in vain beſtows
Continual Conqueſts o're my open Foes;
Whilſt in a tumult raiſes in my breſt,
Fiercer than all thoſe Wars I have ſuppreſt.
Juſtice perſwades what Nature fain would ſhun.
Pity a Father who muſt hate his Son. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter the* Queen *and* Zanger.

*Zang.* He who can all his love contain in words,
Has such a heart as little love affords.

*Queen.* He has too much for those who none return:
You know my sorrow, and for whom I mourn:
From such a guilty person you should flie
As does the duty want by grief to die.

*Zang.* I would not in my wishes covet more
Than to change fates with him whom you deplore:
You crown'd him with your love when he did live,
And to his death your life in sorrow give.
But, Madam, why will you so highly grieve,
For one more happy dead, than I who live?
You are in this unjuster than your Fate,
Wasting your sorrows on the fortunate.
Heav'n did his death design to make it known
That you a blessing are too great for one.
The Christian world did to your beauty bow,
Which o're our larger world must govern now.

*Queen.* In pity and in prudence, Sir, forbear,
To speak what my discretion should not hear.

*Zang.* Lovers high thoughts to wonders are inclin'd
And boundless thoughts suit not with speech confin'd.
I wonder much how he, whom you bemoan,
Having your love, could not defend your Throne;
And how by any force he was suppress,
Whilst with the influence of your favour blest.
But, Madam, now his losses you repair,
For you revenge all his defeats in War;
Fate did deny his Sword success in fight,
Only by that to do your beauty right.

*Queen.* Your raising me by your depressing him,
May find my hatred seeking my esteem.

*Enter* Mustapha.

*Zang.* Ha! I employ'd my Mother for his stay,
And Rival-like he hastens me away;
But I'm past hope, and need no Rival fear.

*Must.* This visit without leave may rude appear:
Yet, Madam, when you shall vouchsafe to know
That I to morrow must tow'rds *Syria* go;
The opinion of my rudeness you'l re-call:
I must attend you now or not at all.
Think on a Lovers sorrow, who removes
From seeing and from serving what he loves;
Whilst he suspects those blessings are design'd
For a more happy Rival left behind;
Do but allow your pity to allay
That sorrow which your love might take away.

*Zang.* Madam, if this request successful be
Then I shall need your pity more than he:
I am destroy'd if this be not deny'd,
For pity is to love too near ally'd.
Loves wounds are safe when of your pity sure;
The wounds you pity you desire to cure.

*Must.* Your love does make you cruel when you plead
Against that pity which your Friend does need.

*Zang.*

*Zang.* Your Love in high injuſtice does delight,
Pleading to get your Friend's and Brother's right.
*Muſt.* You have declar'd that Love no right can ſhow
But what a Miſtreſs freely does beſtow.
*Zang.* As of the fair new world he claim'd a right
Who chanc'd to have it firſt within his ſight;
So, ſince to me ſhe did the firſt appear,
I claim the right of a Diſcoverer.
*Muſt.* The firſt Diſcov'rer only ſaw the ſhore;
The ſecond claim'd poſſeſſion ſeeing more.
In your firſt ſeeing, and then loving her,
The favour of your fortune did appear,
Not greatneſs of your love; for all, like you,
Having but eyes to ſee, would love her too.
You but the beauty of her face did find;
I made the rich diſcovery of her mind.
You of the borders of *Elizium* boaſt,
Her mind is all the Inland to that Coaſt.
I by a ſecond voyage finding more
Of beauty than was ever found before;
More in it to be lov'd and worſhipp'd too,
Muſt therefore love her more than you can do.
*Zang.* Amongſt the Prieſts of Love there Caſuiſts be,
Who Love's Religion vex with Sophiſtry;
But I for ſacrifice bring ſuch a heart
As Nature offers in diſdain of Art.
*Queen.* Princes no more. You both but vainly ſtrive
To be poſſeſt of what I ſhould not give;
That which I ſhould not give, you ſhould not take,
Nor prize my Love when Duty I forſake:
It is in me impiety to ſtay.
Detain not whom the dead does call away.

*She offers to go out,* Zanger *ſtays her.*

*Zang.* Stay, Madam. When the Clouds of grief are gone,
Which cannot darken long ſo bright a Sun,
Let *Zanger* in his love ſo happy be
That none may happier prove in yours than he:
If you to any others ſuit incline,
Then my Succeſſours Love diſgraces mine.
This is not envy, but does rather ſhow
I prize my love becauſe 'tis given to you.
*Muſt.* True Friendſhip, Madam, cannot yield to this;
If you reject my Love, accept of his;
Next to your Love the bleſſing I would chuſe
Is that my Friend may gain what I muſt loſe.
*Zang.* I am amaz'd at what you ſeem to do;
Let me not bear Loves wounds and Friendſhips too.
*Muſt.* Only thoſe Lovers ſhould be counted true
Who Beauties int'reſt, not their own purſue;
Who nobly would, when by their fortune croſt,
Have others get what to themſelves is loſt.
None but the Fiends can wiſh Heav'n empty were,
Becauſe they cannot get poſſeſſion there.
*Zang.* This gallantry does reconcile in you
The utmoſt of revenge and friendſhip too;
Revenge appears moſt ſenſible and high
In placing favours on an Enemy.

Forgive

Forgive me if that ſtyle I undergo;
He who a Rival is, is then a Foe.
Friendſhip till now did ne're ſo high aſcend
As to endure a Rival in a Friend.
In one bright ſphere we may together move,
Whilſt you excel in Friendſhip, I in Love.
But having paid what to my Love was due,
Let me diſcharge my debt of Friendſhip too.
Madam, I thus would expiate my crime;
That which he beg'd for me I beg for him.
Tracing his ſteps how can I ſurer tread?
I'le follow virtue which I ſhould have led.

*Queen.* This which you Beauty call ſo much offends;
When it does Rivals make of two ſuch Friends,
That I, by drowning it, will give relief
To your unequall'd Friendſhip and my grief. [*She weeps.*

*Zang.* Againſt that Beauty why ſhould you repine
Which makes our Friendſhip with ſuch luſtre ſhine?

*Muſt.* You wrong the world when you your beauty wrong;
That and the Sun to all the world belong.

*Queen.* My grief is greater than I ſhould endure;
I'le fly from wounds I make and cannot cure.

[*Exit, and they gaze after her.*

*Muſt.* Oh, *Zanger*, look not after her ſo long!
Through all her clouds her luſtre is too ſtrong.

*Zang.* As courage of weak Towns, in their defence
Againſt ſtrong Armies, is held inſolence;
So I, reſiſting Fate in this aſſault,
May make ev'n fortitude become a fault.

*Enter* Achmat, *and whiſpers* Zanger.

*Achm.* The Empreſs, Sir, commanded me to ſay
She has prevail'd, and *Muſtapha* ſhall ſtay.

*Zang.* Leave us, we ſhall her pleaſure ſtreight attend. [*Ex.* Achmat.

*Muſt.* What froward meſſage does my fortune ſend?

*Zang.* Sir, you are timely eas'd of half your fear.
My Mother ſays that you ſhall tarry here.
Since I have this procur'd, you may allow
Your ſelf to think that I will keep my vow,
I have in friendſhip vow'd not to ſurvive
The fatal day on which you ceaſe to live,
And 'tis a work more difficult and high
To help a Rival than it is to die.

*Muſt.* I know you'l keep your vow; and I ſome light
Have giv'n that I ſhall faithful prove to mine.
I vow'd, if by ſucceſſion I ſhould gain
Th' Imperial Scepter, you ſhould with me reign,
And ſince in Love's nice int'reſt I comply
(Whoſe Empire is ſecur'd by jealouſie,
And where each Lover ſtrives to rule alone)
I can admit a Rival in my Throne.

[*They change, Exeunt.*

*Enter* Thuricus, Viche, Cleora.

*Viche.* Ha! Will ſhe leave the Camp? who can prepare
Counſel for changes which ſo ſudden are?

*Thur.* My Lord, her reſolution muſt ſeem ſtrange;
But, as 'tis ſudden, ſo it ſoon may change;

She did by me a ſecond offer make;
Urging the Empreſs inſtantly to take
The keys of *Buda*, our revolting Town;
Hoping by quitting that to keep the Crown.
*Viche.* What was the anſwer which the Empreſs made?
*Thur.* She ſummon'd all the glory that ſhe had;
Then ſaid, ſhe would not from the Queen receive
A Preſent till ſhe could a greater give.
And then declar'd, her *Sultan* ought and muſt
Eſteem that faith which did his honour truſt;
That he by conqueſt ſhould proceed no more;
And what his glory took it ſhould reſtore.

*Enter* Cardinal, *and* Queen.

*Cleora.* The Cardinal ſeems thoughtful, and the Queen
Does feel more ſorrow than ſhe would have ſeen.

*Exeunt* Thurius, Viche, Cleora.

*Card.* But when purſu'd will you from refuge run,
And Sanctuaries ſhut againſt your Son?
Your Infant, whilſt from proffer'd love you flye,
Muſt meet the hatred of your Enemy.
*Muſtan* has long your Royal houſe abhorr'd;
And he is now to former pow'r reſtor'd;
The ſtorm which from the Empreſs he endur'd
Has his foundation try'd, and ſtrength ſecur'd.
*Queen.* When you the Princes proffer'd loves commend,
You ſeem to Empire, not to me, a Friend:
And when your King I in his Grave forſake,
I loſe more love than you would have me take.
*Card.* Be taught by Nature; ſhe forſakes the Dead;
Your precious Tears you but on aſhes ſhed,
Which now an Urn keeps ſacred, but they muſt
By wand'ring Winds be blown with common duſt.
Nature does turn her looks from Death's ill Face;
Where ruine does not Natures ſtrength diſgrace,
But by the ſlightneſs of man's Fabrick ſhows
(Which time ev'n with a touch ſoon overthrows)
That ſhe made flow'rs intending they ſhould fade;
And Mourners erre when Nature they upbraid.
It is at once Idolatry and Pride
To place on Altars what ſhe throws aſide.
Love only to the living does belong:
Loving the dead you all the living wrong;
And both betray and loſe love's int'reſt when
You love the dead who cannot love again.
*Queen.* But is there to the dead no ſorrow due?
*Card.* What uſeful is grows only fit for you.
Grieve not for one made uſeleſs being gone;
But favour thoſe who may reſtore your Throne.
*Queen.* Since both the Princes do alike pretend,
Unto [illegible] favour will you moſt commend?
If I muſt love, and ſhall be taught by you,
I cannot, ſure, be counſell'd to love two.
*Card.* But you may favour both, and may diſguiſe
Or ſhew your love as int'reſt ſhall adviſe.
*Queen.* I cannot int'reſt by ſuch arts improve,
Seeming to favour whom I do not love:

Nor

Nor with two Faces ſeverally invite
From both what I in neither can requite.

*Card.* Yet do not both for want of loving loſe;
But ſuddenly conſider which to chuſe.
In gaining *Zanger* you the Empreſs gain;
But *Muſtapha* muſt by ſucceſſion reign.

*Queen.* Each is ſufficient to reſtore my Throne.
But, whilſt for Empire you are ſtudious grown,
You nothing for the other would prepare.
My Lord, take Heav'n a little in your care.
How can I ought of love from Princes hear,
Who ſcorn thoſe Altars where I kneel with fear?

*Card.* They their Religion did by Conqueſt make;
And will no Rules but from their Conqu'rors take.
If they, till taught, can never truth diſcern,
They muſt be conquer'd to be made to learn.
And ſince no Pow'r but Love can them ſubdue
Madam, they muſt be overcome by you.
But ſhe who will o'recome in Love's fair field
Muſt by her yielding make her Lover yield.

*Queen.* My Lord, your Purple Robe has ſtudy'd well,
Muſt I this way convert an Infidel?

*Card.* Love is perſwaſive and will ſoonest teach.

*Queen.* They both can to the top of Empire reach,
But cannot ſoar to our Religions height.

*Card.* By truſting *Muſtapha* you'l teach him Faith.

*Enter* Cleora.

*Cleora.* My Lord, Prince *Muſtapha* is in your Tent.

*Card.* Madam, my thoughts are with true duty bent
To ſerve your Throne. Do not kind Fortune loſe
When ſhe preſents you two great Lots to chuſe.

[*Exit Cardinal.*

*Queen.* Without a Clue I'm in a Lab'rynth left:
And where even Hope is of her Eyes bereft,
With Noble *Zanger Muſtapha* contends,
They ſtrive as Rivals, and they yield as Friends;
I injure one if I the other chuſe;
And keeping either I the *Sultan* loſe.
To reckon both what I and you have done
Flying from both I from my refuge run;
And by my ſtaying ſhall deſtroy my Son.
Them for their falſe Religion I eſchew
Though I have found their virtue ever true.
And when Religion ſends my thoughts above,
This Card'nal calls them down and talks of Love;
And ſimple Love (which does as little know
State-int'reſt as Religion ought to do)
He would, bold with ambition, lead through all
The dark and crooked walks where Serpents crawl.
His Prieſts to what he counſels gravely bow;
Whilſt other Prieſts condemn what thoſe allow;
Thoſe would by Pious craft reſtore our loſs;
Theſe ſcorn the Creſcent ſhould redeem the Croſs.
Zeal againſt Policy maintains debate;
Heav'n gets the better now, and now the State.
The Learned do by turns the Learn'd confute,
Yet all depart unalter'd by diſpute.

The

The Prieſtly Office cannot be deny'd;
It wears Heav'ns Liv'ry, and is made our Guide.
But why ſhould we be puniſh'd if we ſtray,
When all our Guides diſpute which is the way?

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# THE FOURTH ACT.

*Enter* Queen, *and* Cleora.

*Queen.* Diſpatch, *Cleora*, leſt we ſhould be ſeen.
Lay my diſguiſe beneath the Couch within.
You ſhould have ſent to call the Cardinal:
I have forgot my Letters. Burn them all.
Here, take the Key! make up my Jewels ſtrait.
You ſhall attend me at the Eaſtern Gate:
But burn my Letters in the inner Tent.
*Cleora.* I fear you will this haſte too ſoon repent.
*Queen.* Fortune, with thy diſtempers I muſt ſtrive;
And from a crime will not my cure derive.
Thoſe who by policy their actions ſteer
Faint when they faults as well as ſoffes bear;
But thoſe who on firm virtue ſtill relie,
May boldly periſh when they guiltleſs die.
*Cleora.* 'Twere want of neceſſary Faith in me
To think your virtue can ſucceſsleſs be.
All your commands I'le inſtantly obey.
*Queen.* Our flight, *Cleora*, cannot brook delay;
Nor can I any pauſe to fear allow.

*Enter* Roxolana.

*Rox.* You were my Gueſt, but are my Priſ'ner now.
Do you not tremble ſeeing me appear?
*Queen.* None but the guilty ſhould have ſenſe of fear.
*Rox.* Diſmiſs *Cleora*! we muſt be alone
To reckon both what I and you have done.
*Queen.* Retire! Th' intentions of my flight are all
Betray'd by her, or by the Cardinal.

[*Exit* Cleora.

*Rox.* To make the Audit of my actions true
I'le briefly take their Regiſter from you.
Did I not ſtruggle in your Sons defence,
When with no Armour but his innocence
The reſcue of his Crown I undertook,
Whom all his Nation, being arm'd, forſook?
*Queen.* Madam, of what you did this is the leaſt.
*Rox.* No Bird, new fledg'd, and frighted from his Neſt,
Could, more than he, be of his home bereft,
Or more to Natures caſual mercy left.
Did I not boldly his weak cauſe maintain
Againſt the *Vizier* and the whole *Divan*,
Though from their number I did need defence?
For number has a proſp'rous impudence,

Which

Which more prevails in Courts than in the Field,
Making by clamour single Favorites yield,
And I was forc'd, when charg'd by the *Divan*,
To my last strength, the love of *Solyman*.
*Queen.* Your Enemies could not but many be,
You having then all that were so to me.
*Rox.* When, without leave, you did adventure here,
And, by the right of War, my Prisoner were,
Did I not then my favours so extend
That you became no Prisoner but my Friend?
When *Buda* you did offer to resign,
Did I not constantly the gift decline,
And in your cause the *Sultan* did implore
That what his Sword had gain'd he would restore?
*Queen.* All bounties, Madam, must to yours submit,
Which nothing equals but my sense of it.
*Rox.* Having confest my allegations true,
Mark what returns has since been made by you.
For more than hope of what you wisht to be,
For your protection and your liberty,
For all I did, and purpos'd to have done,
You, in requital have enslav'd my Son.
A Son, who never yet my will controul'd
Till he your fatal beauty did behold;
But now, with that inchanted, is no more
By his own reason rul'd, nor by my pow'r.
What my designs have built, you have o'erthrown:
And I, in *Zanger*'s ruine, feel my own.
My patience has not strength for this assault.
*Queen.* Oh do not make my misery my fault.
You now confirm all my Prophetick fears;
I did employ my Reason, Pray'rs, and Tears,
To make the Prince his Fatal Love decline;
I knew you would resent his fault as mine:
But I, alas! found my dissuasions vain.
*Rox.* Why did you not betimes to me complain?
*Queen.* Who to a Mother could accuse a Son,
Or lead you to that grief which you would shun?
When I perceiv'd his Love was fixt so sure,
That 'twas above my Tears and Reasons cure,
I did resolve in a disguise to flie
Where I unknown might in a Cloister die.
And, lest you might suspect what I design'd,
This Letter I did mean to leave behind. [*Gives her a Letter.*
VVhich begs your pardon, and informs you too
My flight was but in thankfulness to you.
Nor can I doubt your mercy to my Son,
VVhen I, to keep your love, from *Zanger*'s run.
[Roxolana *reads the Letter to her self.*
*Rox.* In taxing you, who now so just appear,
I am more guilty than I thought you were.
Nor can you your revenge more cruel make
Than when you shew the guilt of my mistake.
*Queen.* Of what is past you shew too great a sense;
The reparation does exceed th' offence.
Agen you'l wound me if you treat me so;
I only meant my innocence to show;

You, seeing that, make me obtain my end.

*Rox.* You must my pardon seal, and be my Friend.

[*Kisses her.*

And that I may deserve what I request,
I'le lodge my greatest secret in your breast.
I know you will be ever kind and just.

[*Kisses her again.*

*Queen.* No obligation binds so much as trust.

*Rox.* The Friendship plac'd by my unhappy Son
On *Mustapha*, is not to you unknown.

*Queen.* To that high Friendship I no stranger am;
A nobler never yet was told by Fame.

*Rox.* Ah Queen! from that dire Friendship I receive
The deepest wound which Fate did ever give.
You know the bloody custom of this Crown;
Nought but the *Sultan*'s life secures my Son.
For when the Eldest does the Throne enjoy,
He must the Younger by our Laws destroy.

*Queen.* That custom he by friendship will reclaim.

*Rox.* Friendship, to Love and Pow'r, seems but a name.
Though *Mustapha* has Virtue and renown
Fit to possess and dignifie a Crown:
(For never yet did any *Sultan*'s Son
Perform and promise more than he has done)
Yet when he shall th' Imperial Sceptre bear
He must become my *Zanger*'s Murderer.
For that is made a righteous Law by time,
Which Law at first did judge the highest Crime.

*Queen.* Pow'rs private safety is the publick good,
It lives in health by letting others blood.

*Rox.* The *Sultan*'s love gives me a pow'r so high
That I to this could give a remedy
If *Zanger* did not secret Friendship pay,
Even with Religious Rites, to *Mustapha*.
All my designs fond *Zanger* does oppose,
Who saving *Mustapha* himself will lose.

*Queen.* Your Fate against your Virtue does conspire.

*Rox.* Alas I must destroy what I admire.
In this attempt I shall your aid implore:
And since your beauty they do both adore,
You must love *Mustapha*, and slight my Son;
Despair may do what reason should have done:
For Friendship never yet could climb above
The high resentments of neglected love.

*Queen.* Madam, the weight you on my bosom lay
I cannot bear, nor your commands obey.
Prince *Mustapha* my love can never have;
My King and Love are bury'd in one Grave.

*Rox.* If *Mustapha* cannot your love obtain,
It may suffice when you affection feign.

*Queen.* But Honour, Madam, quickly will forget
And lose it self whilst it does counterfeit;
As men a little us'd to speak untrue
The just remembrance lose of what they knew,
Till their first shapes grow to themselves unknown.

*Rox.* Can this be said by you who wear a Crown?

When

When from your heart your looks do different flow,
Love does but change the weather of your Brow;
Which should no more a constant meaning bear
Then th'outward face of Heav'n should still be clear.
The Great should in their Thrones mysterious be;
Dissembling is no worse than myssery.
Obscurity is that which terrour moves;
The gods most awful seem'd in shady Groves.
And our wise Prophet's Text a rev'rence bears
Where it is hard and needs Interpreters.

*Queen.* I ever was without dissembling bred,
And in my open Brow my thoughts were read:
None but the guilty keep themselves unknown.

*Rox.* No wonder we so soon subdu'd your Throne;
When wise Dissimulation, which should guard
Chief Pow'r and make th' approaches to it hard,
Was banish'd from your Court to Rebel-state,
To Conclaves, Councils, and small Magistrates;
These stronger grow than Monarchs who refuse
The close false-Armour which their Subjects use.

*Queen.* Madam, you teach what Christians are not taught;
And seem to soar as high in flights of thought
As now your Empire wide in compass swells.

*Rox.* Sure Christian Kings live not in Courts but Cells.
That is un-courtly-ill-bred innocence
Which cannot with dissembled love dispence.
You must dissemble love to *Mustapha*,
And make him think by what you often say,
That you for love can mourn and languish too.

*Queen.* Madam, I shall need counsel what to do.

*Rox.* How, Madam? you may counsel take of me,
But should from Subjects counsel still be free.
We, but in asking it from Subjects, give
Much more of value than we can receive.
We give our secrets to them, which, when known,
May make their Int'rest greater than our own.
By counsel men perswade or else direct;
Direction like appointment we suspect:
And ev'n perswasion does the Throne invade;
For slaves may govern whom they can perswade.
Advise your self and boldly then proceed;
Counsel must yield to courage and to speed.

*Queen.* When I shall counsel ask, I'le none reveal;
I can advise my self what to conceal.

*Rox.* I'le press you now no farther, but retire.
Madam, improve what Honour shall inspire.
If that which I request may not be done
You ruine me, and *Zanger*, and your Son.
But, e're I go, assure me of your stay.

*Queen.* In this, because I can, I will obey. [*Ex.* Roxolana.
No Fortune aims at more than she can do:
She takes my Crown, then tempts my Virtue too.
I am for *Mustapha*'s true love in debt,
Which I will never pay with counterfeit.

*Enter* Cardinal.

*Card.* Madam, last night I did advise your stay;
But now I come to hasten you away. Time

Time has been active since I saw you last.

*Queen.* Shall I trust Councils which can change so fast?

*Card.* By various ways we may our end pursue.
Councils should alter as their causes do.
Physicians, Madam, will not think it strange
If I change Med'cines when Diseases change.
The Pilot, of most firm and constant mind,
Must shift his course and turn with ev'ry wind.

*Enter* Thuricus, Viche.

*Thur.* The *Sultan's* Troops, more swift than in Alarms,
Are, without orders, running to their Arms.

*Viche. Rustan* does now in several shapes appear;
For he is often alter'd by his fear.

*Card.* The Army is so bent to Mutiny
That *Mustapha* does counsel you to flye.
Madam, we all are to your flight inclin'd.

*Queen.* But, to this place, my Lord, I am confin'd;
And by a tye which has such influence
That I will rather dye than flye from hence.

*A mutinous noise is heard.*

*Card.* Their anger is grown loud! Madam, 'tis fit
That you send out to know the cause of it.

*Queen.* Make haste my Lords, and severally enquire
If those who rais'd this storm can raise it higher;
And when you have the danger of it learn'd
Observe how far the Princes are concern'd. [*Exeunt* Thuricus, Viche.

*Enter* Cleora *at another door, and whispers the Queen.*

*Cleor. Zarma* has hastily a whisper brought
Which says, that means for your escape is wrought.
This Tempest *Mustapha* would have you shun;
And she will help to send away your Son.

*Queen.* O how am I perplext? secure him Heav'n! [*Aside.*
I have my Faith to *Roxolana* given
T' assure her of my stay, by which my Son
May in my Fortunes equal hazard run. [*Whispers* Cleora.
Go strait to *Roxolana's* Tent, and there
Observe what change does in her looks appear. [*Exit* Cleora.

*Card.* Madam, you said you would not fly from hence:
'Tis a resolve of fatal consequence.

*Queen.* The cause of that resolve I must conceal;
But will a secret of more use reveal.
The Prince has by his Presents *Zarma* won,
Who will contrive to send away my Son.
This is a bus'ness worthy your debate.

*Card.* Unhappy is the Minister of State
Whom for successless counsel you despise,
Yet that conceal by which he should advise.
His fate and not his skill you ought to blame
Who plays the Cards yet must not see the Game.
If I but hold the Cards which you will play,
I throw your judgment not my own away.

*Queen.* But this which needs your counsel open lies.

*Card.* To what you have reveal'd I thus advise.
Your Son, to *Buda* flying, will redeem
By his own loss those who abandon'd him.

You

You truſt the Conquer'd who were falſe before,
And by diſtruſt provoke the Conquerour.
How can your Son by flight advantag'd be,
Who quits the Port to meet a ſtorm at Sea?
And doubtleſs, Madam, you by ſtaying here
The whole revenge of his eſcape muſt bear.
Theſe are the dangers which attend his flight;
But he is ſafe in *Roxolana*'s ſight.
For, till her growing pow'r you can ſuſpect,
Doubt not his ſafety whom ſhe does protect.

*Queen.* Your reaſons urging his continuance here,
Like Rays of light, are ſudden, ſtrong, and clear.
My Lord, as theſe convince me for his ſtay,
So let my counſel haſten you away.
The Mutinous, who now in tumult riſe,
Hate our Religion, and your Robe deſpiſe.
This ſtorm you may in *Buda* ſafely ſee.

*Card.* Madam, it will no more my wonder be
That you, not truſting me, diſguis'd appear,
Since you ſuſpect I am ſo faint with fear
As to forſake my Queen in her diſtreſs.
But, Madam, walk in Clouds and truſt me leſs:
Though but in part your mind you will declare,
Yet in your whole misfortunes I will ſhare:
And though my counſels may defective ſeem,
I'le by my ſuff'rings merit your eſteem. [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Our greateſt Counc'lours think we are unjuſt
When our leaſt thoughts are hidden from their truſt;
And till (by knowing th' utmoſt that we know)
Thoſe reſtleſs Counc'lours may our Rulers grow,
They do not love us, and they ſullen ſeem;
But after care not though we love not them. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Solyman, Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.
*Shouts are heard from within.*

*Soly.* What Shouts are theſe?

*Ruſt.* Shouts which your Souldiers pay,
Hearing Prince *Muſtapha* has leave to ſtay.

*Pyrrh.* About his Tents the joyful Souldiers croud.

*Soly.* There was no need their joy ſhould be ſo loud.
Their ſhouts of Triumph never roſe ſo high.

*Ruſt.* It ſhews they love him more than Victory.
And when theſe ſhouts they in your preſence make,
It is a ſign they love him for your ſake.

*Soly.* How long can they the Father love, who run
With ſuch a guilty kindneſs to the Son?
'Tis much to do it, more to ſhow it ſo.

*Pyrrh.* Men never fear to pay the debts they owe.

*Soly.* He takes that love which does belong to me,
And lets me reign but by his courteſie:
His early acquiſition ſhews his skill
In ruling, and his pow'r declares his will.

*Ruſt.* Suſpition's good un'leſs it ſtart too ſoon,
And then does faſter than th' offender run.
If he purſues, too early and too faſt,
Your Armies love, he erres but in his haſte.

Your jealouſie and his deſire to gain
That love from which he ſhould a while abſtain,
May be excus'd; for neither is a crime
But as you both may erre in point of time.
*Pyrrh.* Why ſhould your Armies kindneſs be his fault?
*Soly.* They love or hate but ſo as they are taught.
By fear Uſurpers ſhould their pow'r ſuſtain;
But a true Prince chiefly by love ſhould reign:
Whilſt, in looſe knots, fear but the body binds,
We ſtrongly rule by love our Subjects minds.
*Ruſt.* Yet wiſeſt Monarchs by ſucceſs have prov'd
That it is ſafer to be fear'd than lov'd.
For Subjects, as they pleaſe, their love diſpenſe,
But always fear as it does pleaſe the Prince.
A King ſhould more the ruling pow'r eſteem
Plac'd in himſelf than when 'tis lodg'd in them.
*Soly.* That errour is deſtructive to a ſtate:
For whom ſoe're the people fear they hate.
This is in me and in my Subjects true:
For fearing *Muſtapha* I hate him too.
And he, even in my Camp, my pow'r controuls;
I ruling but their Bodies, he their Souls.
*Pyrrh.* By his firſt deeds he ſeem'd to ſtudy you;
And of your ſtory a fair Copy drew.
Can he deface the Virtue he has ſhown
And on his fathers Ruine build his Throne?
*Soly.* Since on Ambition's wings he means to riſe
He will both hate and ſlight all Natures Ties.
A Fathers name cannot his Nature fright
From Glory when it does his youth invite.
Th' inchanting ſound of Pow'r ſo charms his Ear,
That he will now no other Muſick hear.

*New ſhouts are heard, at which* Solyman *ſtarts:*

This inſolence is loud enough to wake
Revenge from duller ſleep than death can make.
*Ruſt.* Perhaps not underſtanding their offence,
They deem this duty which is inſolence,
And think they not offend in what they do.
*Soly.* My Army then is bravely taught by you.
Can any ignorant of Treaſon be
Who ſhout for ought but victory and me?
*Ruſt.* Yet do not, Sir, decline what I adviſe.
Repentance is a noble Sacrifice.
But if, when taught, their crime they ſhould purſue,
'Twill juſtifie what you intend to do.
*Pyrrh.* When but a few into offences run,
Juſtice may ſafely puniſh what is done.
But when whole Camps are kindled to a flame,
Perſwaſion then, not force, muſt them reclaim.
*Ruſtan.* Revenge, which to the injur'd does belong,
Can be ſucceſsful only to the ſtrong.
Your Foes you ſummon e're their Towns you ſtorm:
If to your Army now you leſs perform,
They all in Arms for *Muſtapha* will riſe,
Becauſe you uſe them worſe than Enemies.
*Soly.* I yield to your advice, go both, and try

To

To make them in their joys more mannerly.
My race of Glory did proceed too fast,
My Armies now grow weary of my haste,
And yet, though tir'd, they ſhout and gladly run
To ſee me overtaken by my Son:
All in this Race are ſtopt when overtook,
And I, whom all did follow, am forſook:
Forſook by him whom I begot and bred:
I'm left behind by thoſe whom I have led.
Muſt I, like Conqu'ring Fleets, when ſtorms begin,
Take all my glorious Flags and Streamers in?
Though *Muſtapha* by Heavens decree was ſent
To warn great Monarchs by my puniſhment,
Yet he does Heav'n offend, offending me.
What means our Prophet by this myſtery?
My Son's ordain'd to what he ſhould not do,
And I to bear what I ſhould puniſh too. [*Exit.*

[*Exeunt* Ruſtan, Pyrrhus.

*Enter* Muſtapha, Zanger.
Muſtapha *ſeems very penſive.*

*Zang.* Ah Prince! you wrong your love whilſt you admit
Another Paſſion thus to reign with it.
*Muſt. Zanger*, my grief may well my heart ſubdue,
Since 'tis too great to be reveal'd to you.
Pity that Fate with which I now contend;
It makes me hide my danger from my Friend.
*Zang.* What can you ſeem unwilling to declare,
After confeſſing you my Rival are?
Or of that Friendſhip are you not ſecure
Which did, unſhaken, ſuch a proof endure?
*Muſt.* Let what I heard be ſilenc'd as untrue,
Since my believing it may trouble you:
And yet my ſpeaking it may pardon'd be
Since your not hearing it may ruine me.
*Zang.* What can I more an injury eſteem
Than when by ſilence you diſtruſtful ſeem?
*Muſt.* Alas! you know not that you are unjuſt
When thus you take my kindneſs for diſtruſt.
Be loth to hear what I ſhall ſpeak with pain.
*Zang.* I torment feel in that which you retain.
*Muſt.* Your Mother with the *Vizier* is agreed:
And ſhe hath ſecretly my death decreed.
*Zang.* You wrong me, Brother, and your ſelf deceive:
And I wrong nature when I this believe.
*Muſt.* I'le rather periſh by your miſ-belief
Than give you evidence t' increaſe your grief.
Farewel! the duty of a Son retain.
You'l hear your Brother, and your Friend is ſlain.
*Zang.* 'Twere cruel, Sir, to leave me with this wound.
*Muſt.* You are too good to ſee what I have found.
[*Going out.*
*Zang.* Stay, Sir, I cannot nature much offend,
Doubting a Mother to preſerve a Friend.
Our Friendſhip does the minds allyance ſhow.
Let me the utmoſt of this ſecret know.

*Muſt.*

*Muſt.* It comes from one who does not prudence lack,
Nor his Intelligence from Rumour take;
One to whom *Zarma* does with truſt diſcloſe
(Charm'd by his love) all that her boſom knows.
This bloody miſchief is with art deſign'd,
The ſecret, cautiouſly, to few confin'd;
Which by ſuch cloſe contraction is made ſtrong,
And ſtill your Mother abler to do wrong.

*Zang.* Perhaps ſhe is thus cruel ſince I grow
As cruel in believing ſhe is ſo.
Yet then ſhe with her ſelf does diſ-agree,
Knowing I die in you and ſhe in me.

*Muſt.* This Junto could not ſo ſucceſsful be
Were not the *Sultan* wrought to jealouſie
That I, affecting popular eſteem,
Follow thoſe Crouds which have forſaken him;
And that I aim'd not, by my Battels won,
To conquer *Perſia* but uſurp his Throne.
Theſe falſe ſuggeſtions I might ſoon remove
Were I admitted to implore his love;
But oh that rigid form which us bereaves
Of all approach without our Father's leaves!
That rigid cuſtom which does bring no leſs
Than death when we, unſent for, ſeek acceſs!
But, *Zanger*, if I could admittance gain,
I muſt not where your Mother rules complain.

*Zang.* If they have rais'd the *Sultan's* wrath ſo high,
You muſt, to ſave your life, vouchſafe to flie.
Your ſtay makes life depend upon his breath;
Your flight prevents his guilt and your own death.
Whom he ſuſpects he does but ſeldom ſave;
A Princes Priſon is a Princes Grave.

*Muſt.* 'Twere better, *Zanger*, that my blood were ſpilt
Than ſav'd by Flight; Flight is it ſelf a guilt.
Since ſtill my duty did my actions ſteer
I'le not diſgrace my innocence by fear,
Leſt I the ſaving of my life repent.
I'le rather bear than merit puniſhment.

*Zang.* When Priſ'ner made 'twill be a new offence
T'accuſe his wrath by pleading innocence.
Your death he'l then decree t'avoid complaint;
Pow'r oft by death does juſtifie reſtraint:
And, when incens'd, into two faults will run
Rather than own that it has acted one.
We ſhall by your retreat gain time to learn
Thoſe dangers which our haſte cannot diſcern.
You then may make that innocence appear
Which yet his paſſion will not let him hear.

*Muſt.* I'le ſooner yield my perſon to his pow'r
Than be held guilty by him but one hour.
By flight my fear and ſhame will equal be;
And fear or ſhame is worſe than death to me.

*Zang.* I doubt your virtue will your life betray;
But ſince ſo nobly you reſolve to ſtay,
I'le to my Mother ſtreight, and ſhe ſhall know
Th'important ſecret of our mutual vow.

It will divert the hope of her design,
When she's assur'd your ruine must be mine.

*Must.* Friendship like this who ever did enjoy,
Which Rival'd-love nor death cannot destroy?
Oh *Zanger*! If you knew how much I strove
To make my Friendship overcome my Love
(Though in that strife I could not Victor be)
You would both envy then and pity me.

*Zang.* I'm glad in that design you mist your end:
Who quits his Mistress may forsake his Friend.
And none of Friendship should a proof admit
Which may occasion fear of losing it.
For he who can break off your Conqu'rors chain
Has such wild strength as nothing can restrain.

*Must.* Hah! stay! methinks I'm on a sudden brought
To light's last glimps, and to a stop of thought:
Methinks, something prophetick in my Breast
Bids me make haste and in Fame's Temple rest.
And as men dying leave chief Legacies
To those whose friendship they did dearest prize,
So, *Zanger*, I, as to your merit due,
Bequeath the Queen, my life's last gift, to you.

*Zang.* Our secret sympathy your Fate secures:
If dead, my Breast would feel as soon as yours.
And since you but bequeath a Legacy,
Which cannot be possest before you dye,
You safely give what I shall ne're receive.
Because I cannot *Mustapha* out-live.

*Must.* How poorly some in Friendship take a pride
Which never yet was by Lov'rs injur'd try'd
To ours alone the perfect praise is due
At once of being Friends and Rivals too.

[*Exeunt Embracing.*

*Enter Rustan, Pirrhus,*

*Pirrh.* Complyance now must serve us more than force.
Since th' *European* and the *Asian* Horse
Refuse our orders and in publick say
That we conspir'd to banish *Mustapha*.

*Rust.* No pride so dang'rous is as being proud
Of prosp'rous Mutiny. Then threaten loud,
Who us'd but in their whispers to complain.

*Pirrh.* If they the *Janizaries Aga* gain
We are, beyond repairs of Court, undone.

*Rust.* The force we dare not meet we ought to shun.

*Pirrh.* The Empress feels remorse, or finds her fear.

*Rust.* We shall be call'd, *Zanger* expects us here.

[*Enter Achmat, Haly.*

*Achmat*, the *Asian* Horse have long been led
By you, and by your great example bred.
This Monster-mutiny will all devour.
You might oblige the *Sultan* with your pow'r
If you could quell this Monster.

*Achm.* May be so.
But you had better try what you can do.

*Rust.* The deed is noble and belongs to you;
I would not take what is to *Achmat* due.

*Achm.* Indeed you ever, with a tender hand,
Touch'd what another *Bassa* should command.
Your Justice (which knows when, and whom to strike)
Usurps no business which you do not like.
*Pirrh.* *Haly*, this doubtful language strange appears.
*Haly.* You'l in the Army find Interpreters.
*Rust.* *Haly* it seems does listen to the Crowd.
*Haly.* Men need not listen where Complaints are loud.
*Pirrh.* The people rail to exercise their Tongues.
*Haly.* Their patience first is exercis'd with wrongs.
*Pirrh.* They, wanting judgment, should submit to Laws,
And cannot Judges be in their own cause,
But to their Rulers gently should appeal.
*Achm.* Men their own Judges are of what they feel.
*Rust.* This is not meant in friendship nor for sport.
Sure, *Pirrhus*, they are angry with the Court,
And having found, none for their anger care,
Strive out of malice to be popular.

*Enter* Zarma *who whispers* Rustan.

*Zarma.* You must bring *Pirrhus*, and may have access.
*Exeunt with* Zarma. Rustan *and* Pirrhus, *smiling scornfully on the others, and they on them.*
*Achm.* Methinks we were ill-natur'd to expose
So much contempt of Greatness in distress.
*Haly.* When shining Fav'rites grow with greatness proud
All men rejoyce to see them in a Cloud.
If this ill nature be, 'tis not confin'd
To us alone, but is in all mankind.
And whilst we blame our selves we injure ally
Nothing's ill natur'd that is natural.
*Achm.* I must confess, in thus insulting, yet
Do but as States-men to each other do.
*Haly.* When they are more afflicted we will seem
To mourn with their few friends who pity them;
But secretly we will their Foes incense
And then, in haste, bring them intelligence
Of mischiefs which they never can avoid;
And so be thankt by those we have destroy'd.

*Enter* Roxolana, Rustan, Pirrhus

*Rox.* My favour to the *Sultan* you implore
Only for Governments you sought before.
You sue for *Egypt*, you for *Babylon*;
If I could these procure you would be gone.
*Rust.* In these from sudden Foes we distant are;
No Mutiny can last to march so far:
And we, by absence, may perhaps abate
The rage contracted by this Armies hate.
*Pirrh.* This Armies temper, well considered, shows
You are not safe when we our safety lose.
But 'twill in vain with your designs contest
When in our hands you shall possess the East.
*Rox.* Men who to high designs, like this, are bent
Should less fear death than not to see th' event.

*Rust.*

*Rust.* The Camp to *Mustapha* such love has shown
That we shall hasten by his death our own.
*Pirrh.* That which does lead your hope the surest way
Brings us to certain ruine if we stay.
*Rox.* You vow'd (striving my favour to regain)
That *Zanger* after *Solyman* should reign,
And, that I might no mark of horrour bear,
You said, I still against it should appear.
*Pirrh.* But, Madam, neither of us promis'd we
The Princes Executioners would be.
All but the Mutes will that black office shun;
And all things else are near perfection done.
*Rox.* None here the fatal Orders will obey,
If in this juncture you should flye away.
You both must stay, and what you plotted, act;
I'le not the guilt of your designs contract.
*Rust.* In staying we the Princes fate partake;
We who are guilty only for your sake.
So guilty none did ever yet appear.
*Rox.* You only guilty are because you fear:
But fear in States-men is the highest crime.
Those who to Empires upper stations climbe
Are not so useful by their being wise
As they may hurtful be by cowardise.
For they, fearing to act what they should do,
Make with themselves the valiant useless too.
*Rust.* Provoke not those who with your ruine may
Save both themselves and injur'd *Mustapha*.
*Pirrh.* This, were we Cowards, we could quickly do.
*Rox.* Am I forsaken, and then threatn'd too?
You doing this will your best visage wear.
Falshood in States-men is less vile than fear.
Go to the *Sultan*, go! and th'int'rest try
Of crafty Art: On Nature I'le rely.
You are whole States-men, and his Friends in pare;
States-men, like States, are but the works of Art.
When in both shapes your wisdoms have appear'd,
Weak Wives and Mistresses may chance be heard.
You with your blood must for your mischiefs pay;
But a few tears will wash my guilt away.
What you design'd, Ambition made you do;
I did but that which Nature call'd me to.
You did the Plot contrive to kill his Son;
At which I but conniv'd to save my own.
Go then, and by your deaths the diff'rence prove
'Twixt those whom Kings but trust, and whom they love.
*Rust.* Our Treason against you would be a fault
Greater than ever enter'd in our thought.
Pardon our Passion since you did deny
The Sute we made with sharpest injury.
*Pirrh.* Too much your loyal servants you despise
When you their care impute to Cowardise.
*Rox.* Care does unworthy of it self appear
When it the ugly vizard wears of fear.
If, as you said, the deed is almost done,
Stay but one day to end what you begun.

The

The Souldiers fury, which you would decline,
If well improv'd will perfect your design.
Their love to *Mustapha* is turn'd to rage;
Which nothing but his blood can now assuage.
Go then and make my Son the Empires Heir;
Leave your preferments to my sudden care.

*Rust.* VVe in your cause all dangers will despise.

*Pirrh.* And with your fortune quickly fall or rise.

*Rust.* VVe will the *Sultan* instantly attend:
The Prince's ling'ring Fate in death shall end.

[*Exeunt* Rustan, Pirrhus.

*Enter* Zarma.

*Zarma.* Madam, Prince *Zanger*, much impatient, stays
VVithin, and humbly for admittance prays.

*Rox.* I guess the bus'ness which has brought him here:
His fatal Friendship gives me grief and fear:
Finding the *Sultan* does his Brother hate
He would employ me as his Advocate.
Say I am close at my Devotion, go!
Say I'm retir'd; make haste and tell him so.
Admit him not though much he will pretend.

*Zarma.* He is too much a Brother and a Friend. [*Aside.*

[*Exit* Zarma.

*Rox.* VVhat sin of mine, oh Heaven! incenses thee?
Thou mak'st my Son his own worst Enemy.
VVhat by my care and art he might enjoy
He does himself contribute to destroy.
And I, in my perplext condition, must
Become unnatural, or else unjust:
Must leave a Son to Empires cruelty,
Or to a gen'rous Prince inhumane be.
My Husband, whom I love, I cruel make,
Even against Nature, yet for Natures sake.
His Son, by my contrivance, he must kill;
VVhilst I preserve my own against his will.
The blood I save must answer for my guilt,
And wash away the stains of what is spilt.

# THE FIFTH ACT.

*Enter* Solyman, Roxolana, Pyrrhus, Rustan.

*Soly.* I Will not stay to see him in my Throne,
I yet can reach him and will take him down.
*Rustan* has now my orders: he shall die.

*Rox.* Excess of Justice turns to cruelty.

*Soly.* Whilst but suspition did my breast invade
Your mediation could my wrath dissuade
But now his Treason is so certain grown
That I must take his life, or lose my own.
The name of *Mustapha* infects your breath,
Those who desire his life, deserve my death.

*Rox.* Then, Sir, my intercession is unfit,
That ev'n my Foes are like to counsel it
When Justice against Nature draws her Sword.

*Soly.* His death is but deferr'd, because I stay
To send him to his Grave the safest way.

*Rust.* Since you by *Achmat* did the Prince advise
That if he either loyal were or wise
He from the Camp should secretly retire,
And by his absence quench his raging fire.
It were convenient to you *Achmat* sent
With kindness to invite him to your Tent,
Pretending 'twas your will he should receive
Your counsel e're he does the Army leave.
But, Sir, since for your safety he must die
It should be done with speed and secrecie.

*Pyrrh.* Else they may rescue him by open force,
His Train and Guards are Thirty Thousand Horse
And he so much your Souldiers rules, that they
Will scarce, but in your presence, you obey.

*Soly.* Already his dark evening is begun,
He shall be sure to set before the Sun
And never more shall rise to be ador'd,
But part in an Eclipse and be abhorr'd.
Send *Achmat* hither to avoid delay.

[*Exeunt* Rustan, Pyrrhus.

*Rox.* Fate rises in your Brow, I dare not stay
To hear the bloody sentence you must give:
Horrour and pity in my bosom strive.
Remembring what to *Mustapha* is due,
And not to punish him would ruine you.

[*Exit*

*Soly.* We our compassion rather should extend
To strangers than to Sons when they offend:
With wrongs from strangers we may well dispence,
They only are by common justice bound:
None are ingrate who have no favour found.
But *Mustapha* (unthankful for that care
Which bred him to deserve the Wreaths of War

Whom all the Bonds of Nature could not tie)
Shall now, for Natures ſake, unpity'd die. [Exit.

*Enter* Muſtapha, Zanger.

*Muſt.* This counſel *Achmat* from the *Sultan* brought,
Whoſe favour I have now by *Achmat* ſought;
Begging I may attend him e're I go,
And fully my ſuppoſ'd offences know.
If to this juſt requeſt he does conſent,
I may avoid my fatal Baniſhment,
And be deliver'd from a double grief
Whilſt I to Love and Friendſhip give relief.

*Zang.* I fear in your requeſt by *Achmat* made
You have but ſought the means to be betray'd.
And ſince againſt your ſelf you now conſpire
Who will oppoſe that Fate which you deſire?
My Mother, in denying me acceſs,
Does raſhly your determin'd death confeſs.

*Muſt.* Since only guilty minds have cauſe of fear,
It does to me more probably appear
That ev'n my Foes are likeli'er to abhor
Their miſchiefs paſt then to conſult of more.

*Enter* Achmat.

*Achm.* The joys of Conqueſt over fill your breaſt.
The mighty *Sultan* yields to your requeſt;
Believes your love is in your meſſage ſent;
He truſts that love, and thinks you innocent.
His Cloud is vaniſh'd and his Brow ſo clear
That you may plainly read a Father there:
Sir, he does ſtraight expect you in his Tent:
Improve his kindneſs whilſt he does relent.

*Muſt.* How like you now the way I did purſue? [*To* Zanger.

*Zang.* I think the change too ſudden to be true.

*Muſt.* If falſe, I then am but of life bereav'd:
'Tis worth my dying to be undeceiv'd.
And who would with a Father be in ſtrife?
Rather than duty loſe I'le loſe my life.
*Zanger*, farewel! I leave, in leaving you,
The beſt of Friends and beſt of Brothers too.
Yet I ſhall take ſome glory in my death
Counting the worth of what I can bequeath.
And, to confirm my Legacy, I now
Freely releaſe the rigour of your vow.
For if in th' upper world we ought can know
Of things which thoſe we love tranſact below,
I ſhall rejoyce when I am thither gone,
That you poſſeſs my Miſtreſs and my Throne.

*Zang.* Can you ſuch gifts to one ſo worthleſs give
As after you will be content to live?
Ah Prince! If this diſcourſe you ſhould purſue,
Sorrow to me would kinder prove then you.

*Muſt.* If in my Fate, Dear *Zanger*, you ſhould ſhare,
Who of the Queens concerns will take a care?
Think it her ſuit, not mine, which you deny.

*Zang.* When you are dead, Honour will make me die.

*Muſt.* I ſhall be ſtrong enough for my defence,
Where nature pleads the cauſe of innocence.

*Zang.*

*Zang.* Methinks both these should all things overcome;
Yet Hope finds in my breast but little room.
*Must.* I must not your Prophetick sorrows hear:
'Tis only Friendship which creates your fear. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the* Queen, Zarma.

*Zarma.* One whom I lov'd enjoyn'd me to obey,
With faithful service, you and *Mustapha*,
And, Madam, I attend you now you are
Alone, that all I know I may declare.
*Queen.* I'le not ungrateful be for what you do:
Ple serve you in rewards and Friendship too.
*Zarma.* I still have fear'd that *Roxolana*'s love
To *Zanger* would his Brother's ruine prove;
But many proofs do now my thoughts convince
That she designs to save and serve the Prince:
For that effect she's to the *Sultan* gone;
But first commanded me to tell her Son
That he this evening in her Tent should stay
To speak with her concerning *Mustapha*.
The tumult in the Camp begins to cease,
And all put on the chearful looks of Peace.
*Queen.* You tell me what I most desir'd to hear:
Which soon will free me from my grief and fear.
*Zarma.* Since all things move to meet with your desire
Your Son has no occasion to retire.
*Queen.* By your advice I may successful grow.
*Zarma.* Still what I hear you instantly shall know.
[*Exit Zarma.*

*Enter* Cardinal, Thuricus, Viche, Cleora.

*Queen.* My Lords, by *Zarma* (who is newly gone)
I hear the *Sultan* smiles upon his Son:
The Empress nobly has procur'd his peace:
The Chiefs of factions from their tumults cease,
And now for favour to her Tent resort.
*Card.* I doubt all this is but a turn of Court.
Think not the Empress will her pow'r employ
T' establish him who must her Son destroy.
*Queen.* Honour has to her Soul the highest place.
*Card.* Nature has greater pow'r than Honour has.
But, Madam, whilst this seeming calm does last
You, with the Infant should to *Buda* haste;
Which, now disloyal grown, will scarce withstand
The worst of all your Foes, King *Ferdinand*.
For whilst the *Turk* invades us from the East,
Th' un-christian King assaults us in the West,
With craft and wealth he has advanc'd his pow'r.
*Thur.* Madam, we now came from the Governour;
Who bad us tell you that he has surpriz'd
Three of King *Ferdinand*'s Officers disguis'd.
*Vich.* With these there have been blank Commissions found:
Some of their faction we in Fetters bound.
*Queen.* Before this danger does resistless grow
You must, with both these Lords, to *Buda* go.
*Card.* Your presence, Madam, will be needful there.
*Queen.* My promise will a while detain me here.

*Card.*

*Card.* You'l then be left afflicted and alone.

*Queen.* You leave me for my ſafety not your own.
VVhilſt I the rage of Fortune here withſtand
We may be ſafe there by *Ferdinand*.
I muſt not be deny'd. Your being there
Will free me from a moſt important care.

*Card.* Madam, my ſtrict obedience makes me go.
All that does happen you ſhall hourly know.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Cleora *one way, the* Cardinal *and* Lords *at the other door.*

*Enter* Muſtapha. *The Guards and others, paſſing by him, ſhake their heads with ſorrowful looks.*

*Muſt.* All ſhake their penſive heads in paſſing by
As if they did diſlike my deſtiny.
Let him diſpatch whom he intends to kill;
'Tis leſs to ſuffer death than fear it ſtill.
Nor is the worſt of deaths ſo bad a Fate
As ſtill to live under a Fathers hate.
My torments are ſo many and ſo high
That only death can be my remedy.
Death will my Father's jealouſie remove
And free me ever from neglected love;
Whilſt to my greateſt guilt it puts an end
Of being Rival to ſo brave a Friend.
But even that comfort brings me ſorrow too;
For death will then more than my Friendſhip do.
And if his kindneſs makes him keep his vow,
He, dying, will the greater Friendſhip ſhow.
He'l freely, for my ſake, quit life and love;
But cruel force does me from both remove.
In death his friendſhip will ſo clearly ſhine
That when I dye, he'l ſee the faults of mine:
For I, by Rivalſhip, was faulty grown,
And death reſigns what friendſhip ſhould have done.

*Enter ſix Mutes, one of them advances before the reſt and kneels down, delivers* Muſtapha *a black Box with a Parchment, the* Sultan's *Great Seal hanging at it in a black Ribband. Then he holds up a Bow-ſtring and makes ſigns that he ſhould kneel and ſubmit to the* Sultan's *ſentence.*

Theſe are to adde new wings to my laſt hour.
I underſtand your ſigns and ſee your power.
Stand off. I with your buſ'neſs can diſpence.
But your officious haſt is an offence.
I will conſider what I ought to do,
And dye to ſatisfie my ſelf not you.
Can I my duty ſhow when I do ill
Unjuſtly yielding to a Father's will?
Sure we, by Nature's gift, the right enjoy
To ſtrive with thoſe who would our lives deſtroy.
And when I tamely dye, without defence,
I teach the world to doubt my innocence.
But with my Father why ſhould I debate?
My death he wiſhes, and my life I hate.

{*They retire to the further end of the Stage.*

VVhy

Why should I make his anger higher rise,
By striving to preserve what I despise?

[*He beckens to the Mutes to come nearer him, and they advance.*

Before I dye I'le to the *Sultan* show
My injur'd innocence, that he may know
My death will to the judging world proclaim
He is more guilty than he thinks I am.
When I have told him what I ought to say,
Then what he does command I will obey.

[*They all shake their heads in sign of denyal.*

How, Slaves! am I refus'd? I will not dye
Till I have first obtain'd what you deny.

[*The Mutes draw their Scimitars and assault him; he draws too and kills two of them.*

*Enter* Solyman.

*Soly.* O Traytor! art thou such an Enemy
To thy high Blood which is deriv'd from me,
That now enforc'd by this new crime, I must
With my own hand mix it with common dust?
Against thy pow'r thou dying art as strife,
To make thy death as guilty as thy life.

*At the first hearing of* Solyman's *voice the Mutes give over fighting, and at the end of* Solyman's *speech,* Mustapha, *kneeling, lays his Scimitar at the* Sultan's *feet.*

*Must.* The cause of my defence from their assault
Was that from you I might have learnt my fault.
Alas, what is't I with that life should do,
Which, Sir, is hated and proscrib'd by you?
All I endeavour'd by my life's defence
Was to gain time to shew my innocence.
I shun not dying, Sir, but to be held
Guilty, is dying after I am kill'd,
Losing the life of Fame when I am dead.

*Soly.* A man condemn'd is not allow'd to plead.
I'le hear no more.

[*Mustapha rises.*

*Must.* Then, Sir, to death I'le go.
I am too guilty since you think me so.
May not my servants do what must be done?
Let not your meanest Slaves destroy your Son.

*Soly.* Though justice takes that life which he must lose,

[*Aside.*

Yet Nature cannot this request refuse.
Go, lead him in, and let his Servants do
That sudden justice which I leave to you.

[*To the Mutes.*

*Must.* That chearfulness with which to death I go,
Some proof, Sir, of my innocence does shew.
And since by death I would your hate remove
What would I not have done to gain your love?

[*Exeunt* Mustapha, *and Mutes,* Solyman *looking after* Mustapha *whilst he is in sight.*

*Soly.* What I have now decreed does just appear;
But against Nature who can stop his ear
Though she against the right of Justice stands?
My Heart does sigh for what my Tongue commands.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Roxolana.

*Rox.* Now the great deed is doing, or else done,
I have been cruel to preserve my Son.
That cruel deed which makes him th' Empires Heir
Heav'n, sure, forgives since it rewards my care.
And nothing now can ever make me grieve,
But for his death by which my Son does live.

*Enter* Zarma.

*Zarma.* Madam, the Guards are doubled ev'ry where.
*Rox.* If Guards can make you safe what need you fear?
*Zarma.* Your servants hide their looks, and fear to show
The griefs they feel, and dangers which they know.
*Rox. Zarma*, be deaf to what you should not hear;
Or use your strength to what you ought to bear.
Easing your self, when you of grief complain,
To many others you transfer your pain.
By your amazement and the tears you shed,
You seem to tell me *Mustapha* is dead.
*Haly.* Yes, and so dy'd, that the most fortunate
Would gladly for his Fame have had his Fate.
But, Madam, be suffic'd that he is dead.
*Rox.* No, I dare hear both what he did and said.
*Haly.* The *Sultan* his last suit could not deny;
Which was, that by his servants he might dye.
And each of those declar'd it a less crime
To kill himself than 'twas to Murder him.
*Rox.* It shews he was with highest love esteem'd
When none would kill whom *Solyman* condemn'd.
*Haly.* It turn'd our blood to tears when he did pray
To all, in vain, to take his life away.
He said aloud, can I so wretched prove
That your denyals must declare your love?
See what your guilty kindness drives me to;
Worse than my Father did, 'twill make me do.
One whom he guilty thought, to death he sent;
But you will make me kill the innocent.
'Tis you have made your Prince unfortunate,
Who finds your love more cruel than his hate.
And now (afraid of nothing but delay)
He frowning said, unfriended *Mustapha*
Must be beholding to himself for death:
Then snatcht a Sword which straight he did unsheath.
*Morat* cry'd out, the Murderer's part I'le do;
'Tis fitter I should bear that guilt than you.
The Prince about his neck his Arms did spread
In sign of gratitude, and smiling said,
Is it not fit my wretched life should end
When he who kills me I esteem my Friend?
*Rox.* He could not give more ornament to death
Than when so calmly he resign'd his breath.
*Haly.* When griev'd *Morat* the fatal deed had done
(Which kindness made him do and others shun)

With

With haste he said, no Tears can be so good
To shed for such a loss as Tears of blood.
His hand then acts the second Tragick part
So on his own, as on his Masters heart.
But grief had wounded him so much before,
That scarce his Cemiter could wound him more.

*Rox.* This was at once a duty and a crime.

*Haly.* It made us pity first, then envy him.

*Rox.* Call *Zanger* hither and return with speed.
But keep him ignorant of this dire deed. [*Exit Haly.*
Brave Prince, if now thy Mother were alive,
She, by my sorrow might be taught to grieve.
How soon thy death a miracle has done?
It makes me weep for what preserves my Son.

[*Exeunt Roxolana, Zarina.*

*Enter* Solyman.

*Soly.* Forgot are now those Fields his Valour won,
Which did too soon his Head with Laurel crown!
His Virtue with his Foes he overthrew;
For, growing great, he straight grew guilty too.

*Enter* Zanger, *who kneels;* Solyman *steps to him, and takes him up.*

*Zang.* I come at your command, by *Achmat* sent;
Who said, I should attend you in your Tent.

*Soly. Zanger*, I now did for your judgment send:
You are my minds Physician, Son, and Friend.
Tell me, can Mortal-Monarchs always keep
The watch o're Empire set without some sleep?

*Zang.* No man can live, whom sleep does not repair;
Much less can Monarchs who are born to care.

*Soly.* Behold then the revenge which I did take
On him who kept me many Months awake.

*Zang.* My Brother dead? you have the world bereft
Of much more Virtue than is in it left!
'Twas jealousie, not he (oh dire mistake!)
Which did so many Months keep you awake;
And it was just that you, who in your Breast
Would jealousie admit should take no rest.
My speech is by this object overcome:
No grief is well expresst till it is dumb!
Ah Loyal Prince! till death does close my Eyes,
Accept these Tears, my Friendships Sacrifice! [*Zanger goes towards Mustapha.*

*Soly.* Traytor, dost weep for one condemn'd by me?
This shews that thou as guilty art as he.
Desist, or thou shalt share in his just fate.

*Zang.* That, Sir, will rather shew your love than hate.
Death is the only blessing I can find:
You think it just, and I shall think it kind.
I will his worth to all the world declare.

*Soly.* He did aspire and grew too popular.

*Zang. Rustan* and *Pyrrhus* did his life pursue:
We their contrivance of this Murder knew:

And

And I desir'd him from your wrath to flie;
But in obedience he would stay to die.
For, but one day when banish'd from your sight,
Was worse to him than Death's eternal night.
If in himself he any guilt had known,
He, with your leave, to *Syria* might have gone.
He told me still what he design'd or knew.

*Soly.* His black designs he did conceal from you.

*Zang.* Nothing could more his truth of Friendship prove,
Than that we both th' *Hungarian* Queen did love;
And though he then my first pretentions knew,
Yet freely he confest he lov'd her too;
And when a Rival does his love reveal,
What can his cunning after that conceal?
How could you his unblemish't Vertue doubt?

*Soly.* Have I not often heard my Armies shout
When he appear'd, and with applause so high,
As if his presence brought them Victory?

*Zang.* In that their errour and not his appear'd
He with more grief than you their gladness heard.
By all the duty to a Father due,
And to our Prophet, *Mustapha* was true;
True as your *Viziers* have been false, and wrought
You into wrong suggestions of his fault.

*Soly.* Oh Heaven! my guilt now makes it an offence
To hear untimely of his innocence;
This truth (which now I may my torment call)
You should have sooner told, or not at all.

*Zang.* Who could, without offending you, have thought
(When your kind message was by *Achmat* brought)
That 'twas a train laid for my Brother's life?
And yet my doubt with duty was at strife,
And doubt prevail'd, for several waies I try'd
To get admittance, but was still deny'd.

*Soly. Zanger*, to ease our griefs, let us agree
T' impute his Fate to our ill destinie;
Those who to death have made me send my Son,
Shall instantly in torture meet their own.
Let wisdom check your sorrow, and prepare
To be this day proclaim'd my Empire's Heir.

*Zang.* But, Sir, religiously to me he swore,
That, if the *Turkish* Crown he ever wore,
He to our bloody Law an end would give,
And I should safely in his bosome live.
My self I then by sacred promise ty'd
Not to out-live the day on which he dy'd,
And as I knew he nobly did design
To keep his vow, so I remember mine. [*He turns to Mustapha.*
'Twas only love had strength enough t' invade
That mutual Friendship which we sacred made:
But now o're love I have the conquest got;
Though love divided us, yet death shall not.----

[*Zanger stabs himself, and falls at Mustapha's Feet, Solyman runs to him.*

*Soly.* Hold, *Zanger*! hold!

*Zang.* The happy wound is given
Which sends my Soul to *Mustapha* and Heaven.

*Soly.*

*Soly.* Friendſhip and cruelty alike have done;
For each of them has robb'd me of a Son.
*Zang.* When, Sir, you have forgiv'n me for my death,
Grant what I ask with my departing breath:
Your dying *Zanger* begs th' *Hungarian* Crown
For th' injur'd Queen and for her guiltleſs Son.
*Soly.* Shall I ſo little give for *Zanger's* ſake,
Whoſe mighty mind would not my Empire take?
*Zang.* Sir, for your gift in thankfulneſs I bend; [*Bows to him.*
In death I ſerve my Miſtreſs and my Friend.
He'l live in your eſteem, ſhe in her Throne.
Now all I had to do on Earth is done. [*Turns again to* Muſtapha.
Lo at your Feet, dear Friend, your Brother lies;
And where he took delight to live----he dies. [Zanger *dies.*
*Soly.* Fame in her Temple will adorn thy ſhrine.
No Roman Glory ever equall'd thine.
*Zanger*, in height of Youth, for Friendſhips ſake,
Did rather die than proffer'd Empire take.
I would die too, but by revenge am ſtaid,
Due for you both, which ſhall be doubly paid.
My *Viziers* ſhall be firſt your ſacrifice.
Nor is ſhe ſafe who in my boſom lies.
For they, without her int'reſt in the deed,
Durſt not at laſt have urg'd me to proceed.
[*Turns to* Muſtapha.
Oh *Muſtapha*! the worthy may in thee
The dang'rous ſtate even of great virtue ſee.
Thine was to all the height and compaſs grown,
That virtue e're could reach to get renown:
And the reward of it pernicious prov'd,
For I did puniſh thee for being lov'd.
Thy Mother was the firſt that e're poſſeſt
By Conqueſt the Dominion of my Breaſt:
And had thy mind been blotted and as black
As Virtue would paint Vice, yet for her ſake,
(The brighteſt Beauty, and the ſofteſt Wife)
I might, alas, at leaſt have ſav'd thy life.
But I ſhall mourn too long; for whilſt I ſtay,
To count thy wrongs, I thy revenge delay. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Roxolana, Haly.

*Rox.* How *Haly*! are you certain that my Son
Is to the *Sultan's* Great Pavilion gone?
*Haly. Achmat* was for him by the *Sultan* ſent;
And you will find him in the inner Tent.
*Rox.* You ſhould have brought him to conſult with me
E're he had known his Brother's deſtinie.
*Haly.* I humbly beg, this may be rather thought
Your ſervants great misfortune than his fault.
*Rox.* Wait in my name, on the *Hungarian* Queen:
Tell her, that thoſe rude Tumults ſhe has ſeen
May ſtill increaſe, and may renew her fear;
And therefore I would fain ſecure her here.
But ſomething, from your ſelf, you ought to ſay,
She having heard too much of *Muſtapha*. [*Exit* Haly.

Roxolana *goes towards the Scene, where ſhe ſees* Muſtapha, *and* Zanger *with his Dagger in his hand, and then ſhe ſtarts back.*

Both dead! O horrour! *Zanger* does appear
Arm'd 'gainſt himſelf as his own Murderer.
This deed Friendſhip and pity made thee do.
But was not I thy Friend and Mother too?
That Friendſhip againſt Nature was a crime
Which paid me nothing and too much to him.
Though Friendſhip to a Friend thou might'ſt aſſign,
Yet, ſince I lent thee life, that life was mine.
Unjuſt to Nature, though to Friendſhip true,
In paying Friendſhips debt with Natures due.
Is this the laſt reward of all the pain
I ſelt, ſaving thy life to make thee reign?
Thou haſt reveng'd (O Heav'n) what I have done
With ſo much guilty kindneſs for my Son!

*Enter the* Queen.

*Queen.* What voice of ſorrow is alone ſo loud,
As if the cauſe had made the mourner proud?
For after noble *Muſtapha* is ſlain,
Who can enough without my help complain?

*Rox.* Ah Queen! adde to your grief by looking there.
*Zanger* is dead, and his own Murderer.

*Queen. Zanger!* I did not think Fate could have ſhown
(After it took away my King and Throne)
Another loſs which could a grief impoſe
To make me weep as juſtly as for thoſe.
Why did not *Zanger* fatal virtue lack,
Since it did higheſt Friendſhip cruel make?
Grief grows too hard for our complaints alone,
When the Worlds loſs is greater than our own.

*Rox.* Ah *Muſtapha!* I hither came to grieve, [*Aſide.*
That by thy death I made my *Zanger* live;
But he too ſoon for my offence has paid;
And I, thy Traytor, am by him betraid.
Madam, your tears will now injurious be; [*Turns to the* Queen.
In grief, as honour, you out-rival me.

*Queen.* You *Zanger* lov'd, then do not me reprove
Grieving for two who had no faule but love.

*Enter* Haly.

*Rox. Haly!* If you come nearer you'l deſpiſe
All Glory and repent that you have Eyes.

*Haly.* The *Sultan*, full of horrour, did relate
A Tragick ſtory of ſuch diſmal fate,
As keeps me from approaching out of fear
To ſee what it was cruelty to hear.
But theſe high ſorrows are accompany'd
With others which compaſſion fain would hide.

*Rox.* Will Heav'n more weight on our affliction lay?

*Haly.* Madam, the Guards and Train of *Muſtapha*
Aſſault the Camp with their united Force,
And are aſſiſted by Prince *Zanger*'s Horſe.
The *Sultan*, arm'd againſt this ſudden rage,
Is now advanc'd their fury to aſſwage.

*Rox.*

*Rox.* O fatal strife where Victors nothing gain!
*Haly.* The *Viziers* by his order are both slain.
Madam, to you, as Regent for your Son, [*Turns to the* Queen.
The *Sultan* does present th' *Hungarian* Crown.
The old *Moravian* Troops are by command,
Prepar'd to march against King *Ferdinand*.
You, with your Son, may now to *Buda* go
To meet your Friends and to pursue your Foe.
Your Restoration he before design'd,
When first the Empress with his purpose joyn'd:
But this dispatch he justly has confest,
Is the effect of *Zanger*'s last request.
*Queen.* The looks of gratitude should cheerful be;
But, *Zanger*, I am so oblig'd by thee,
As it occasion gives to make me mourn
That to the dead I nothing can return.
*Rox.* Madam, the *Sultan*'s bounty streight receive;
And, in your absence, trust me here to grieve.
*Queen.* Madam, I'le with my Son to *Buda* go,
And my last duty to his Father show;
Then in a shady Cloister will remain,
And, as a fatal Mourner, still complain
Of that which here both you and I have lost,
Where death does over love in triumph boast.
I shall undo my Son if I look back
On those whom I unwillingly forsake;
I'm more concern'd in what I leave behind,
Than in the joys he shall in *Buda* find.
*Rox.* Go, Madam, go, and hasten to your Throne!
Live to find *Zanger*'s Friendship in your Son,
Be with much pow'r more happy than I prov'd;
Live to be fear'd, and yet continue lov'd.
*Queen.* I'le flye from pow'r, but yours to the distrest
Has been a refuge, and should be increast,
Till (when you weary grow) your suppliants sue
That Heav'n may be a refuge then to you. [*They Embrace.*
[*Exeunt* Queen, *and* Haly.

*Enter* Zarma *at the other door.*

*Zarma.* The *Mufty* is within, and bad me say,
That he is sent to counsel you to pray.
*Rox.* Why dost thou weep? I do not dying fear;
Thou griev'st because Grief's remedy is near.
I'le meet the *Mufty*, and for death prepare;
Lead me this way, for I would shun despair.
[*She looks backwards towards the dead Bodies and goes from them.*
*Exeunt.*

*The Scene changes.* *Enter* Achmat, Haly.

*Achmat.* The tortur'd *Viziers* did their guilt confess,
And, e're they dy'd, accus'd the *Sultaness*,
Who to their first proposal did encline;
But by ambitious *Rustan* the design

(In hope to gain her favour) was begun;
And was pursu'd by her to save her Son.
*Haly.* The Guards and noble Train of *Mustapha*
Have got renown though they have lost the day.
*Achm.* Till *Solyman* in person did appear,
They, in their fierce assault, victorious were.
With Thirty Thousand Horse they brav'd the Field;
Of which Five Hundred are not left unkill'd.
He pardon'd those, and pity'd their offence;
But they so hated life and lov'd the Prince,
That it was harder to preserve those few,
Than 'twas t'o'recome the many whom we slew.
When rumour (swift, though it flies low) had spread
Through all our Camp that *Mustapha* was dead,
And that his Friends, who had that battel fought,
Were only for his safety hither brought.
Then the Victorious threw their Arms away,
And wept for those whom they did lately slay.
Some, who had kill'd their Sons, more tears did shed
For their own guilt, than that their Sons were dead;
Guilt wrought by Fate, which had their valour mov'd
Against that Prince whom they for valour lov'd.

*Enter* Solyman, Zarma.

*Haly.* His Brows are full of Clouds, his Eyes of Fire;
There's dang'rous Thunder near: let us retire.
[*Exeunt* Achmat, Haly.

*A Table, with a Standish, and a Chair upon the Stage.*

*Sol.* Well, call her in; and do as I command.
You, with her Women, must be still at hand.
The *Mufty* is of use; let him attend. [*Exit* Zarma.
Thy progress, Love, was long, but it shall end.
By Beauty (which does even the wise delude)
The valiant ever soonest are subdu'd.
'Tis Nature's snare, and in defiance laid;
For when least hidden we are most betray'd.
Beauties fair hand has many a mighty name
Too foully blotted in the Book of Fame.
Accursed Beauty! 'tis at last to thee,
That Famous Chiefs have ow'd their infamie.
Oh what has it not done, and may do still?
*Enter* Roxolana.
*Rox.* I come to know Heav'ns pleasure in your will.
*Soly.* Draw nearer then! Alas! be not afraid
When 'tis too late to fear. Speak, have you pray'd?
For you have much to lose, but more to save.
Have you been Penitent?
*Rox. Sultan*, I have.
*Soly.* You needed many Tears to wash away
The stains which have defil'd this bloody day.
Brave *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* too is dead;
These have deserv'd more Tears than you can shed,

Since

Since all in Honour's list they did excell;
But in their cause full Thirty Thousand fell,
And twice that number were in Battel kill'd
By those who did deserve to gain the Field.
*Rox.* Oh, *Sultan*, do not give me leave to speak;
But give that Heart, which loves you, leave to break!
*Soly.* Let it intire a while, for my sake, last.
I would not now have mention'd what is past
But that 'tis justice and some kindness too
To shew sufficient cause for what I do,
Which else might cruel seem; for you must dye.
*Rox.* When you bring death I will not ask you, why?
*Soly.* It shews the civil greatness of your mind
When to your Punisher you can be kind:
But 'twill oblige me and become you too,
More then your fatal beauty e're did do,
If you so gracefully depart from life
As fits our Childrens Mother and my Wife.
*Rox.* Perhaps I liv'd unworthy of your fame,
But none shall *Roxolana's* dying blame:
Yet I must grieve so as I ought to do
When I, by leaving life, depart from you.
*Soly.* You may your little debts of kindness pay;
But I must be oblig'd another way,
Which will be first by your confession shown:
Confessing not what you, but I have done.
*Rox.* Ah, Sir! most willingly I will confess
You found me in the Region of distress;
A Flow'r but newly sprung, and in the shade.
My growth I from your shining favour had.
*Soly.* This is not the confession I would hear,
It shews untimely gratitude or fear;
And makes me guilty of upbraiding you
With what Love's secret pow'r did make me do.
I aim not to be told what I have done
By loves perswasive force, and but to one;
For when you lov'd me too that debt was paid,
And debts, discharg'd, none justly can upbraid.
*Rox.* Ah do not, Sir, forbid my thankfulness!
*Soly.* You quite mistake the thing you should confess.
'Tis not what Love but Honour made me do
For all your Sex, and not alone for you.
Though the strict Laws of *Ottoman's* high Race
Did not allow our *Sultans* e're should grace
The Mothers of their Sons with privledge
Of Marriage, yet your Sex I did oblige,
And lifted you above the scorns of life,
When I, by sacred forms, made you my Wife.
*Rox.* This is but mention'd to augment the fence,
Which you suspect I want, of my offence:
Or else you shew me that I useless grow
Whilst I confess but what the people know.
*Soly.* If what I did was then by Honour done
Let me that Honour keep when you are gone.
Let me the favour of your Sex retain:
Which since I justly did by Marriage gain

I would not lose it now by Deaths divorce,
Whilst they unjustly think I want remorse;
And that my justice is but cruelty,
Because my Wife does by my sentence die.
*Rox.* Do but instruct me, *Sultan*, how I may,
In death, for all my life's offences pay?
*Soly.* It is not fit our Priesthood or *Divan*
Should sit to judge the Wife of *Solyman*.
But yet the blood by your ambition spilt,
Cries out so loud 'gainst your audacious guilt,
That now my People, Armies, and the State,
Behold your Beauty with malicious hate:
And no expedient e're can satisfie
The justice they expect unless you die.
You only can to Heav'n for mercy trust.
*Rox* Sir, I will die, that they may find you just.
*Soly.* But, that your Sex may ever think me so,
You must a form of process undergo
Which strict necessity does make me use.
You must, under your hand, your self accuse:
Which, as a true Record, may rescue me
From false opinions of my cruelty.
*Rox.* Ah *Sultan!* This proceeding is severe!
*Soly.* You nobly should your own impeachment bear
Lest you a ruder from our *Bashaws* hear.
Go, *Roxolana*, sit, and write it down.
*Rox.* I, with my crime, shall make my duty known.
[*Leads her to the Table.*
*Soly.* Be brief and clear. Posterity should know
The hidden root which made your mischief grow.
When the first causes we of ills discern
We safely and with ease prevention learn.
You had your aids in the conspiracy;
My *Viziers* else had not been doom'd to die.
What form do you in your confession use?
[*He steps to her whilst she is writing.*
*Rox. Sultan!* I wholly do my self accuse.
And yet the dying, sure, may blame the Dead
Who safely are by Death from danger freed:
Besides both they and I shall straight appear
Where Heaven's just Monarch will the injur'd hear.
*Soly.* Accuse your self and let their guilt alone.
*Rox.* If the contrivance was by them begun,
May I not make of Truth peculiar use
And crimes extenuate when I shun excuse?
*Soly.* Already is your whole contrition spent?
Leave off if you unwillingly repent.
[*He offers to take up the Paper, She rises and holds it aside.*
*Rox.* Forgive me, *Sultan*, and I will proceed.
*Soly.* Oh Heav'n! when she so much does pardon need
Can I deny it and endure to live?
I cannot be forgiv'n, if I forgive,
So much her crime all mercy does exceed;
For *Mustapha* and *Zanger* too is dead.
Make haste! write fully your ambition down
In changing the succession of my Crown.

*Rox.*

*Rox.* Pardon the Tears I on the Paper shed!
If I have written what you cannot read.
*Soly.* Forgive her Heav'n! here take my Handkercher,
Dispatch! why do you pause?
*Rox.* I'le hasten, Sir. [*She rises again.*
But whilst I now my crime at full express,
Let me a little speak in much distress.
*Soly.* Your time forbids the tediousness of grief;
Complain not when you cannot have relief.
Yet you may speak. Take courage, but be brief.
*Rox.* Sir, this confession a Record must be
To save you from imputed cruelty.
Heav'n give you, Sir, an everlasting fame,
And Heav'n perswade you to prevent my shame.
I have but little through ambition done;
Nature did more, and 'twas to save my Son.
*Soly.* What did mysterious nature make you do?
Could you at once be kind and cruel too?
Farewel, you are relaps'd, worse than before.
*Rox. Sultan*, I'le write, and I will speak no more.
[*She sits down again.*

*Enter* Haly.

*Haly. Sultan*, I shew my Duty in my haste;
For with new Clouds your Camp is over-cast:
The Bloody bus'ness of this fatal day
Grows bloodi'r since the death of *Mustapha*.
The Janizaries, by their *Aga* led,
Accuse the Empress, and demand her Head. { Roxolana *rises and*
They have their grievance by their *Aga* sent, { *seems disordered.*
And he attends at th' entrance of your Tent.
*Soly.* They trust my yielding, but shall feel my force.
Bid *Achmat* face them with my *Syrian* Horse.
You must your best disguise of Friendship wear,
And meet the *Aga* with the looks of fear,
Call him to Council, and disorder'd seem;
And when he is admitted, strangle him. [*Exit* Haly.
These threatning Tumults only dang'rous are
To Monarchs who dare less than Subjects dare. [*Goes to* Roxolana.
Sit down! is your confession finish'd yet?
*Rox. Sultan*, it is.
*Soly.* I'le read what you have writ. { *She kneeling gives*
*Rox.* Sir, now I feel the torments of true fear, { *him the Paper.*
Because your dangers great as mine appear.
Give to rude hands the life which I must lose,
If you defend it you your own expose.
*Soly.* No, *Roxolana*, you shall calmly die.
You shall find Justice, but no cruelty.
Your Women wait without; the *Mufty* too:
What must be done they decently shall do.
*Enter* Haly *and kneels.*
*Haly.* The sudden Tempest suddenly is past. [*She rises.*
No Clouds can long before your lustre last.
With Tears the Janizaries now impore
That favour which their rage disdain'd before.

Sir,

Sir, *Achmat* for the *Aga*'s life does sue,
Which he repriev'd to have it sav'd by you:
It will a Triumph to the Army give,
Who are with grief subdu'd.

*Soly.* Go, let him live. [*Exit* Haly.

*Rox.* Ah, *Solyman!* shall she who heretofore,
Still with success, for others did implore,
Be now deni'd when for her self she sues?
I beg not what I ought, Sir, to refuse
If it were granted, your consent to live.
Oh take my life, but my offence forgive.

*Soly.* Oh why did Heav'n such perfect beauty make,
Yet let such beauteous things perfection lack?
Love against Justice in my bosom strives
Let Justice pardon Love what Love forgives. [*He takes her up.*
Rise, *Roxolana*, you shall mercy find.
But as when you were cruel you were kind,
So I will deeds by your Example do;
For I will now be kind and cruel too.

*Rox.* Heav'n which begins to take your Clouds away,
Will from departing night make break of day.

*Soly.* I give you life, and I forgive your crime;
Yet in this kindness I shall cruel seem.

*Rox.* Oh stay, Sir, and but hear what I'le implore.

*Soly.* Your doom is seal'd. I'le never see you more.

*Rox.* Ah, Sir, you gave what I can ne're enjoy;
What you preserv'd you instantly destroy.

*Soly. Zarina!* call all to look on my remorse;
And then be witnesses of our divorce.

*Enter* Zarina, *four of* Roxolana's *Ladies*, Achmat, Haly, *the three Attendants of* Mustapha *and* Zanger, *eight of the Guard, and six Pages. The number on the Stage being now twenty four.*

Take with your life perpetual banishment.
Long may you live that you may much repent:
But from my sight be still so far remov'd,
As I may quite forget I ever lov'd.

*Rox.* Ah, *Sultan*, do but hear what I can say!

*Soly.* Oh cruelty, you kill me if you stay.

*Rox.* I'le but forgiveness beg for love and grief,
Since both offend you when they seek relief.

*Soly.* Oh Heav'n! still will you speak?

*Rox.* Sir, I'le depart,
And at your feet leave a forsaken heart. [*Exit.*

*Soly.* Farewel for ever, and to Love farewel:
I'le lock my Bosom up where Love did dwell;
I will to Beauty ever shut my eyes,
And be no more a Captive by surprize.
But Oh, how little I esteem a Throne,
When Love, the Ornament of Pow'r is gone! *Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

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